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Edwin Booth's

Prompt-Book of

Richard III.



Edited by

William Winter.



The Prompt-Book.

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Shakespeare's Tragedy

Of

King Richard III.

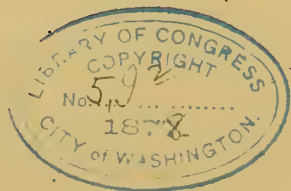
As Presented by

Edwin Booth.



*"But I was born so high,
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun."*

*"They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces!"*



New-York:

Francis Hart & Company, 63 and 65 Murray Street.

1878.

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By WILLIAM WINTER,

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Preface.



THIS is intended as an Acting Version of the tragedy of Richard III. It differs from all others. Changes of the original have been made, in both the arrangement of the scenes and the distribution of the text. Portions of the original have been omitted. The portions retained, however, have been taken from that original, and from no other source. The text has been but slightly altered, and that in only a few places. No new material has been introduced. The spectator of "Richard III.," therefore, who sees the tragedy acted according to this version, will see—not, indeed, the whole piece, as it stands in the authentic library editions—but Shakespeare's work substantially as Shakespeare wrote it.

The innovations made by Colley Cibber—whose acting version of "Richard III." has hitherto, for a long time, been generally in use—have been discarded. The objections to Cibber's version are, that it contains cheap, theatrical language, unworthy of association with that of Shakespeare, and that it lowers Shakespeare's ideal of GLOSTER—making him a coarse monster of cruelty, devoid of the finer strain of innate royalty, devoid of subtle, sardonic, bitter, and piteous self-mockery, and destitute of human feeling. This is as false to Shakespeare as it is to nature. In the rejection of Cibber's piece—a result which it is hoped the usage of the stage may ultimately accomplish—the prosy and common-

place soliloquy on conscience will disappear, together with the ugly and low scene in which the king is made to berate his wife, and advise her to kill herself; and also our theatres will cease to resound with the clamorous vociferation of "Richard 's himself again!" and "Off with his head! So much for Buckingham!" In the restoration, as far as is practically possible, of Shakespeare's original tragedy, a subtle, complex, and brilliant character, and a terrible and piteous image of crime and retribution, will be re-instated upon the stage—without, it is believed, being freighted with tediousness.

This Acting Version of "Richard III." aims to help toward the attainment of that end. It is constructed, on the Prompt-Book plan, for practical use in the theatre. It contains the text—neither more nor less—exactly as it is spoken in Edwin Booth's presentation of the tragedy, together with the arrangement of scenes and the stage-directions made and followed by him. The Editor's Notes and Remarks, in the Appendix, are designed as hints and helps to theatrical students; and especially to such as may not have immediate access to the various and scattered authorities upon which the tragedy is reared, and by which it is illustrated.

W. W.

New-York, Dec. 25th, 1877.

Persons Represented.



KING EDWARD IV.

RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOSTER, *afterwards King Richard III.*

GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE.

HENRY TUDOR, EARL OF RICHMOND, *afterwards King Henry VII.*

HENRY BOHUN, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

JOHN HOWARD, DUKE OF NORFOLK.

ANTHONY WOODEVILLE, EARL RIVERS.

MARQUIS OF DORSET.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY.

JOHN MORTON, BISHOP OF ELY.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SHAW, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN MARGARET.

DUCHESS OF YORK.

LADY ANNE, *afterwards Queen.*

A PAGE.

FOUR OFFICERS AND FOUR LORDS.

FIRST AND SECOND MURDERERS.

GHOSTS of *Edward, Prince of Wales, Richard, Duke of York,*
the young Sons of Edward IV. ; Lady Anne ; Clarence ;
Hastings; and Buckingham.

CITIZENS, etc.



SCENE.—*Dispersedly in London and the neighbourhood of*
Tamworth, England.

TIME.—*1471-1485.*



Doubles.



*If necessary, in the representation of this tragedy, actors
can "double" in the following parts:*

HASTINGS and NORFOLK,
DORSET and ELY,
RIVERS and BLOUNT,
CLARENCE and RICHMOND,
MAYOR and FIRST MURDERER,
TYRRELL and SECOND MURDERER.

RICHARD III.



Act First.

Scene First.—LONDON. A STREET, WITH ARCH L. 2. E.

[*Enter Gloster* R. U. E.]

Glos.

Now is the winter of our discontent,
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds, that lowered upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War hath smoothed his wrinkled front ;
And now—instead of mounting barbèd steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
I, that am rudely stamped, and want Love's majesty :
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
Deformed, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
The dogs bark at me, as I halt by them ;
Why I, in this weak, piping time of peace,

Have no delight to pass away the time ;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity ;
 And therefore — since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair, well-spoken days,—
 I am determinèd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other :
 And if King Edward be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mewed up ;
 About a prophecy, which says — that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! Here Clarence comes.
[Enter Clarence, guarded, and Ratcliff.]

Glos.

Brother, good day : what means this armed guard
 That waits upon your grace ?

Clar.

His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the tower.

Glos.

Upon what cause ?

Clar.

Because my name is — George !

Glos.

Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers.

Clar.

He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams ;
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,

And says — a wizard told him, that by G
 His issue disinherited should be ;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought that I am he :
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
 Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glos.

Why, this it is when men are ruled by women : —
 'T is not the king that sends you to the tower ;
 My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 't is she,
 That tempers him to this extremity.
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
 Antony Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the tower ;
 From whence this present day he is delivered ?
 We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe !

Clar.

By heaven, I think there is no man secure,
 But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
 That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore !

Rat.

[*Comes down R.*]

I beseech your graces both to pardon me :
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glos.

We speak no treason, man : — we say the king
 Is wise, and virtuous ; and his noble queen
 Well struck in years ; fair and not jealous : —
 We say, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip,
 A bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue,
 And the queen's kindred are made gentle folks :
 How say you, sir ? Can you deny all this ?

Clar.

We know thy charge, Ratcliff, and will obey.

Glos.

We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.
 Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
 And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,—
 Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,—
 I will perform it to enfranchise you.
 Meantime, this deep disgrace on brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar.

I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glos.

Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you:
 Meantime, have patience!

Clar.

I must perforce; farewell!

[*Exeunt Clarence, Guards, and Ratcliff* R. 2. E.]

Glos.

Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
 Simple, plain Clarence! I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.
 The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
 And his physicians fear him mightily.
 He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
 Till George be packed with posthorse up to heaven.
 I'll urge his hatred more to Clarence,
 With lies well steeled with weighty arguments;
 And, if I fail not in my deep intent
 Clarence hath not another day to live:
 Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
 And leave the world for me to bustle in!
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.
 What though I killed her husband, and his father?
 The readiest way to make the wench amends
 Is—to become her husband and her father:

The which will I : not all so much for love
 As for another secret, close intent,
 By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market :
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and reigns.
 When they are gone, then must I count my gains !

[*Exit Gloster. Dead march, p.p. : procession enters
 through arch L. 2. E., going up R. C. Bearers enter
 with the corpse of King Henry the VI. on a bier.
 Gentlemen, bearing halberds, to guard it ; and
 Lady Anne, as mourner.*

Anne.

Set down, set down, your honourable load,—
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,—
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 O, cursèd be the hand that made these wounds ;
 Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable, by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord, and thee !—
 Come now ; toward Chertsey with your holy load !

[X. TO R. *The bearers take up the bier. Enter Gloster.*

Glos.

Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down !

[*All start and look towards Gloster.*

Anne.

What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glos.

Villains, set down the corse, or by Saint Paul
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys !

Officer.

My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass !

Glos.

Unmannered dog ! Stand thou when I command :
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne.

What, do you tremble ? Are you all afraid ?
Alas, I blame you not : for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body ;
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, begone !

Glos.

Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne.

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence and trouble us not !

Glos.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne.

Vouchsafe, diffused infection of a man,
For these known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

Glos.

Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne.

Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glos.

By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne.

And by despairing, shalt thou stand excused
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself.
Dids't thou not kill this king ?

Glos.

I grant ye.

Anne.

Dost grant me, hedgehog ? Then, God grant me too,
Thou mayest be damnèd for that wicked deed !
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glos.

The fitter for the King of Heaven that hath him.

Anne.

He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glos.

Let him thank me, that helped to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne.

And thou unfit for any place, but hell !

Glos.

Yes, one place else. If you will hear me name it.

Anne.

Some dungeon ?

Glos.

Your bed-chamber.

Anne.

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glos.

So will it, madam, till I lie in yours.

Anne.

I hope so.

Glos.

I know so. But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method ;—
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne.

Thou wast the cause ; and most accursed effect.

Glos.

Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet love.

Anne.

If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glos.

These eyes could not endure sweet beauty's wreck ;
You should not blemish it if I stood by :
As all the world is cheerèd by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne.

Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

Glos.

Curse not thyself, fair creature, thou art both.

Anne.

I would I were, to be revenged on thee !

Glos.

It is a quarrel most unnatural
To be revenged on him that loveth thee.

Anne.

It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that killed my husband.

Glos.

He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne.

His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glos.

He lives that loves thee better than he could.

Anne.

Name him.

Glos.

Plantagenet.

Anne.

Why, that was he.

Glos.

The self same name, but one of better nature.

Anne.

Where is he ?

Glos.

Here !

Anne.

Out of my sight ! Thou dost infect mine eyes.

Nay, do not pause, for I did kill King Henry ;
[She again attempts to stab him.]
 But 't was thy beauty that provokèd me.
 Nay, now despatch : 't was I that stabbed young Edward ;
[She again offers at his breast.]
 But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.
[Here she lets fall the sword and weeps.]
 Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne.

Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glos.

Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it!

Anne. [He offers to do so.

I have already.

Glos.

That was in thy rage :
 Speak it again, and, even with thy word,
 This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
 Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love ;
[*She is about to speak.*
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne.

I would I knew thy heart.

Glos.

'T is figured in my tongue.

Anne.

I fear me both are false.

Glos.

Then never man was true.

Anne.

Put up your sword.

Glos.

Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne.

That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glos.

But shall I live in hope?

Anne.

All men, I hope, live so.

Glos.

Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

[*He puts ring on her finger and kisses her hand.*]

Glos.

Look, how this ring encompasseth thy finger;
Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor, devoted servant may
But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness forever.

Anne.

What is it?

Glos.

That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby House;
Where,—after I have solemnly interred,
At Chertsey Monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.

Anne.

With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent. [X L.

Glos.

Bid me farewell.

Anne.

'T is more than you deserve :
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt, Lady Anne, and a few attendants* L. I. E.

Officer.

[*After a pause.*

Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glos.

No, to Whitefriars — there attend my coming.

[*Exit Gloster* R. I. E. *Dead March.* *Exeunt the
rest with coffin* R. U. E.

Scene Second.—LONDON. ANOTHER STREET,—IN I.

[*Enter Gloster* R. I. E.

Glos.

Was ever woman in this humour wooed ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?
I 'll have her, but I will not keep her long.
What ? I, that killed her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by ;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,— all the world to nothing !
Ha !
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabbed in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
Framed in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
 The spacious world cannot again afford :
 And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
 That cropped the golden prime of that sweet prince
 And made her widow to a woeful bed ?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?
 On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus ?
 My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while :
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of tailors
 To study fashions to adorn my body :
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass.

[*Exit.*

Scene Third. { A ROOM IN THE PALACE. GALLERY ACROSS
 STAGE, WITH STEPS, C. FURNITURE R. & L.

[*Queen Elizabeth enters, and sits at Table R. ; Lord
 Rivers extreme R. Other lords and courtiers
 R. AND L.*

Rivers.

Have patience, madam, there's no doubt his majesty
 Will soon recover his accustomed health.
 In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse :
 Therefore, I pray you, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz.

If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

Rivers.

No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz.

The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Rivers.

The heavens have blessed you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz.

Ah, he is young, and his minority
Is put into the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Rivers.

Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

[*Enter Buckingham and Stanley.*

Buck.

Good time of day unto your royal grace!

[*Queen rises. Buckingham and Stanley L. H.*

Q. Eliz.

Saw you the king, to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan.

But now, the Duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz.

What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck.

Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz.

God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck.

Ay, madam ; he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz.

Would all were well ! But that will never be ;—
I fear our happiness is at the height.

[*Queen sits. Enter Gloster and Hastings.*

Glos.

They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not ?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours !
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks ?

Rivers.

To whom in all this presence speaks your grace ?

Glos.

To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injured thee ? When done thee wrong ?
Or thee ? or thee ? or any of your faction ?
A plague upon you all ! His royal grace,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish,—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz.

Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter :
The king, of his own royal disposition,—
And not provoked by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself
Against my children, brothers and myself,—
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glos.

I cannot tell :—the world has grown so bad
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz.

Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster.
You envy my advancement, and my friends.
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glos.

Meantime, God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprisoned by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; while great promotions
Are daily given, to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz.

[*Rises.*

By him that raised me to this careful height,
From that contented hap which I enjoyed,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

[*She crosses to L. H. slowly and goes up.*

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Glos.

You may deny that you were not the mean
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Rivers.

She may, my lord ;—for—

Glos.

She may, Lord Rivers ? — why, who knows not so ?
She may do more, sir, than denying that :
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Rivers.

What, marry, may she ?

Glos.

What, marry may she ? Why — marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too ;
I' faith, your grandam had a worser match.

[*As Gloster crosses to L. H., Elizabeth speaks from
c. and at end of speech sinks into the chair at
table, R.*]

Q. Eliz.

My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs ;
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endured.
I had rather be a country serving-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorned and stormed at !
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

[*Enter Queen Margaret at back. She is unseen
by all on the stage, who stand in groups, with
backs towards her. Her next five speeches are
spoken aside.*]

Glos.

What! threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have said
I will avouch in presence of the king!
'T is time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.
E'er you were queen, yea, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends!
To royalize his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar.

Yea, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glos.

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been—and what I am!

Q. Mar.

A murderous villain, and so still thou art!

Glos.

Poor Clarence did forsake his father, Warwick;
Yea, and forswore himself, which Heaven pardon!

Q. Mar.

Which God revenge!

Glos.

To fight on Edward's party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor lad, he is mewed up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar.

Hie thee to hell, for shame, and leave the world,
Thou cacodemon! There thy kingdom is!

Rivers.

My lord of Gloster, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We followed then our lord, our lawful king :
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glos.

If I should be ! I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart the thought of it.

Q. Eliz.

As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar.

As little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.

[*Advancing.* All start.

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me !
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?
O, gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glos.

Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou in my sight ?
Wert thou not banish'd on pain of death ?

Q. Mar.

I was ; but I do find more pain in banishment
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me ;
And thou a kingdom ; all of you allegiance :
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glos.

The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorn drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
Steeped in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounced against thee, are now fallen upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz.

So just is He, to right the innocent.

Buck.

O, 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Rivers.

Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Hast.

No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Q. Mar.

What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,
Could all not answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven?
Why then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy son, which is now Prince of Wales,
For Edward, my son, which was Prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long mayest thou live to wail thy children's loss ;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Decked in thy rights, as thou art stalled in mine !
 Long die thy happy days, before thy death ;
 And after many lengthened hours of grief,
 Die, neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
[As she goes R., all on that side turn from her.]

Glos.

Have done thy charms, thou hateful withered hag !

Q. Mar.

And leave out thee ? Stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me !
 If God have any grievous plague in store
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let Him keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down His indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
 The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
 Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog !
 Thou that wast sealed in thy nativity
 The slave of nature, and the son of hell !
 Thou rag of honour ! Thou detested ——

Glos.

Margaret !

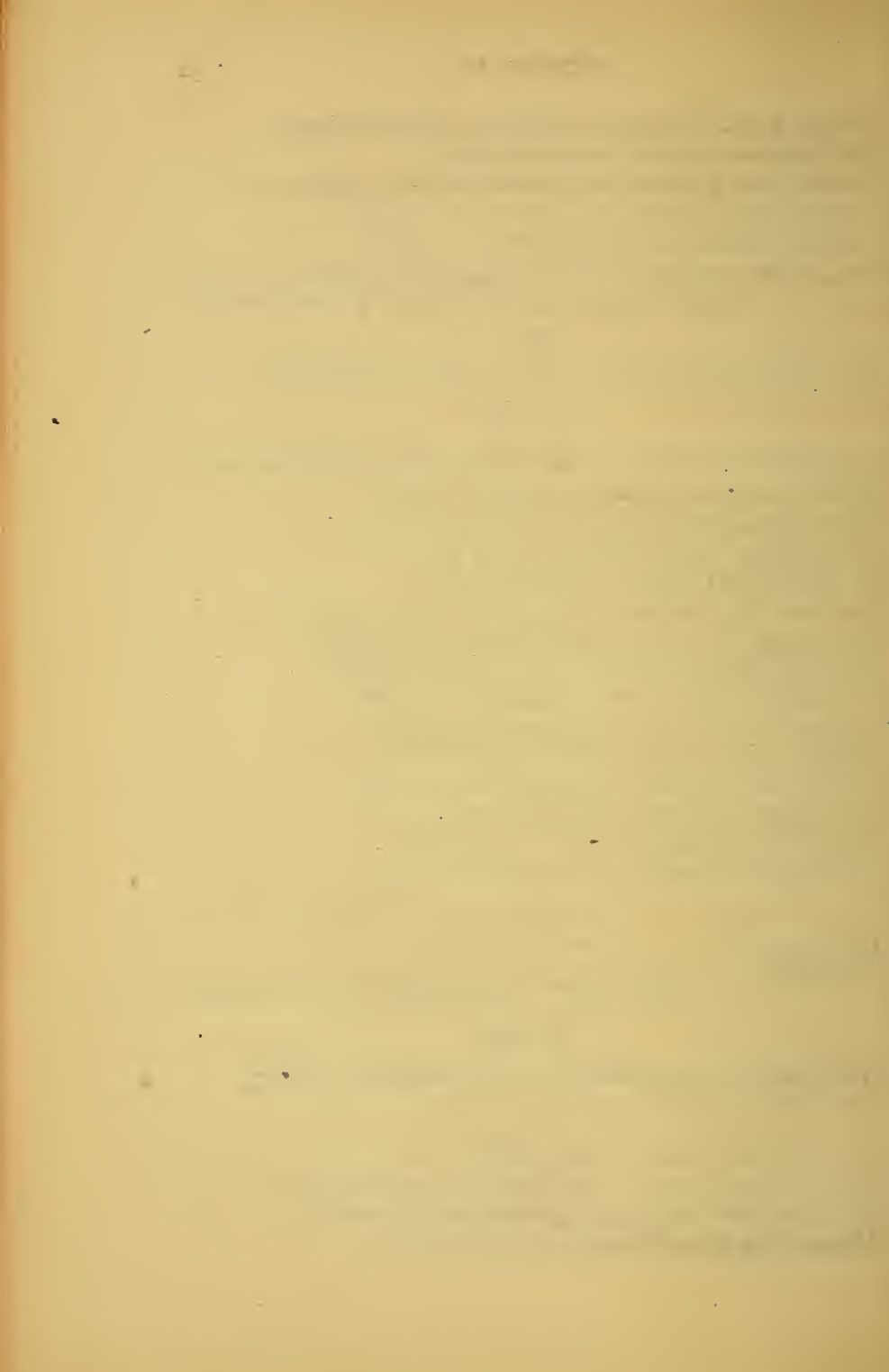
[All laugh. Gloster goes to L. H., and sits.]

Q. Eliz.

Thus have you breathed your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar.

Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune !
 Why strewest thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?



Fool! Fool! Thou whetest a knife to kill thyself.
The time will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-backed toad.

Hast.

False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Dor.

Dispute not with her ; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar.

Peace, master marquis, you are malapert ;
Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O, that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable !
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces !

Glos.

Good counsel, marry ; learn it, marquis, learn it.

Dor.

It toucheth you, my lord, as much as me.

Glos.

Yea, and much more : but I was born so high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar.

And turns the sun to shade, alas ! Alas !
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's nest.
O God, that seest it, do not suffer it !
As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck.

Have done, have done !

Q. Mar.

O, princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee!
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.
O, Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog!
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him;
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glos.

What does she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck.

Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar.

What, dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel?
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[*Exit.*

Hast.

My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Buck.

And so doth mine: I muse why she's at liberty.

Glos.

[*Rises.*

I cannot blame her. Now, by holy Paul,
She hath had too much wrong; and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz.

[*Rises.*

I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glos.

Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is franked up to fattening for his pains:
God pardon them that are the cause of it.

Hast.

A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glos.

So do I ever. [*Aside.*] Being well advised:
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

[*Enter a page* L. U. E.

Page.

Madam, his majesty doth call for you.

[*Exeunt Queen Elizabeth and courtiers.*

Glos.

I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,—
I do bewep to many simple gulls;
Namely—to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'t is the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it,—and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them,—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stolen forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

[*Exit.*

CURTAIN.

Act Second.

Scene First. { ROOM IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.—CLARENCE SEATED R. C., AND RATCLIFF STANDING L.—DISCOVERED.

Rat.

Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar.

O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Rat.

What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar.

Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy;
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Oh Lord, methought what pain it was to drown!



What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks :
 A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls, and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Rat.

Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar.

Methought I had ; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air ;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea !

Rat.

Awaked you not, with this sore agony ?

Clar.

O, no : my dream was lengthened after life ;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul !
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman, which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
 Who cried aloud,—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?
 And so he vanished : then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood ; and he shrieked out aloud,
Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury !
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me about, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I trembling waked, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made the dream !

Rat.

No marvel, sir, that it affrighted you ;
 I am afraid even to hear you tell it.

Clar.

Oh, Ratcliff, I have done those dreadful things,
 Which now bear evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me.
 O, God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone ;
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Rat.

I will, my lord. God give your grace good rest !.

[*Clarence sleeps, on couch c.*

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil ;
 And, for unfelt imagination,
 They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So, that, between their titles and low name
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

[*Enter two Murderers* R. 2. E.

1st Murd.

Ho ! who's here ?

Rat.

What are you, and how came you hither?

1st Murd.

I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Rat.

Yea, are you so brief?

2nd Murd.

Oh, sir, it is better to be brief than tedious.
Show him our commission; and talk no more.

[*1st Murderer gives a paper to Ratcliff, who reads it.*

Rat.

I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:
I will not reason what is meant hereby
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys; there lies the duke, asleep:
I'll to the king; and signify to him
That thus I have resigned my charge to you.

2nd Murd.

Do so, it is a point of wisdom; fare you well.

[*Exit Ratcliff* R. 2. E.]

2nd Murd.

What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1st Murd.

No, then he will say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2nd Murd.

When he wakes! Why, fool, he shall never wake till the
judgment day.

1st Murd.

Why, then, he'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

2nd Murd.

The urging of that word *judgment* hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1st Murd.

What, art thou afraid?

2nd Murd.

Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

1st Murd.

I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2nd Murd.

So I am—to let him live.

1st Murd.

I'll back to the Duke of Gloster and tell him so.

[*Crosses to R.*

2nd Murd.

I pray thee stay awhile; I hope my holy humour will change; 't was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1st Murd.

[*After a pause.*] How dost thou feel now?

2nd Murd.

Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1st Murd.

Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

2nd Murd.

Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1st Murd.

Where is thy conscience now?

2nd Murd.

In the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1st Murd.

Hark! He stirs: shall I strike?

2nd Murd.

No, first let's reason with him.

Clar.

Where art thou, keeper? Give me a cup of wine.

2nd Murd.

You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar.

In God's name! What art thou?

2nd Murd.

A man, as you are.

Clar.

But not, as I am, royal.

2nd Murd.

Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar.

Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

2nd Murd.

My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar.

How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both.

To, to, to——

Clar.

To murder me?

1870

1871

1872

1873

1874

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

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1884

1885

1886

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1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

Both.

Ay, ay!

Clar.

You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

1st Murd.

What we will do, we do upon command.

2nd Murd.

And he that hath commanded is the king.

Clar.

Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the tables of His law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and will you then
Spurn at His edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for He holds vengeance in His hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break His law.

2nd Murd.

Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar.

Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2nd Murd.

What shall we do?

Clar.

Relent and save your souls.

1st Murd.

Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.

Clar.

Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish,
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

[*Low music heard.*]

Oh, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me
As you would beg, were you in my distress;
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

1st Murd.

Look behind you, my lord — [*Clarence turns away*] — take
that —

[*Stabs him.*]

2nd Murd.

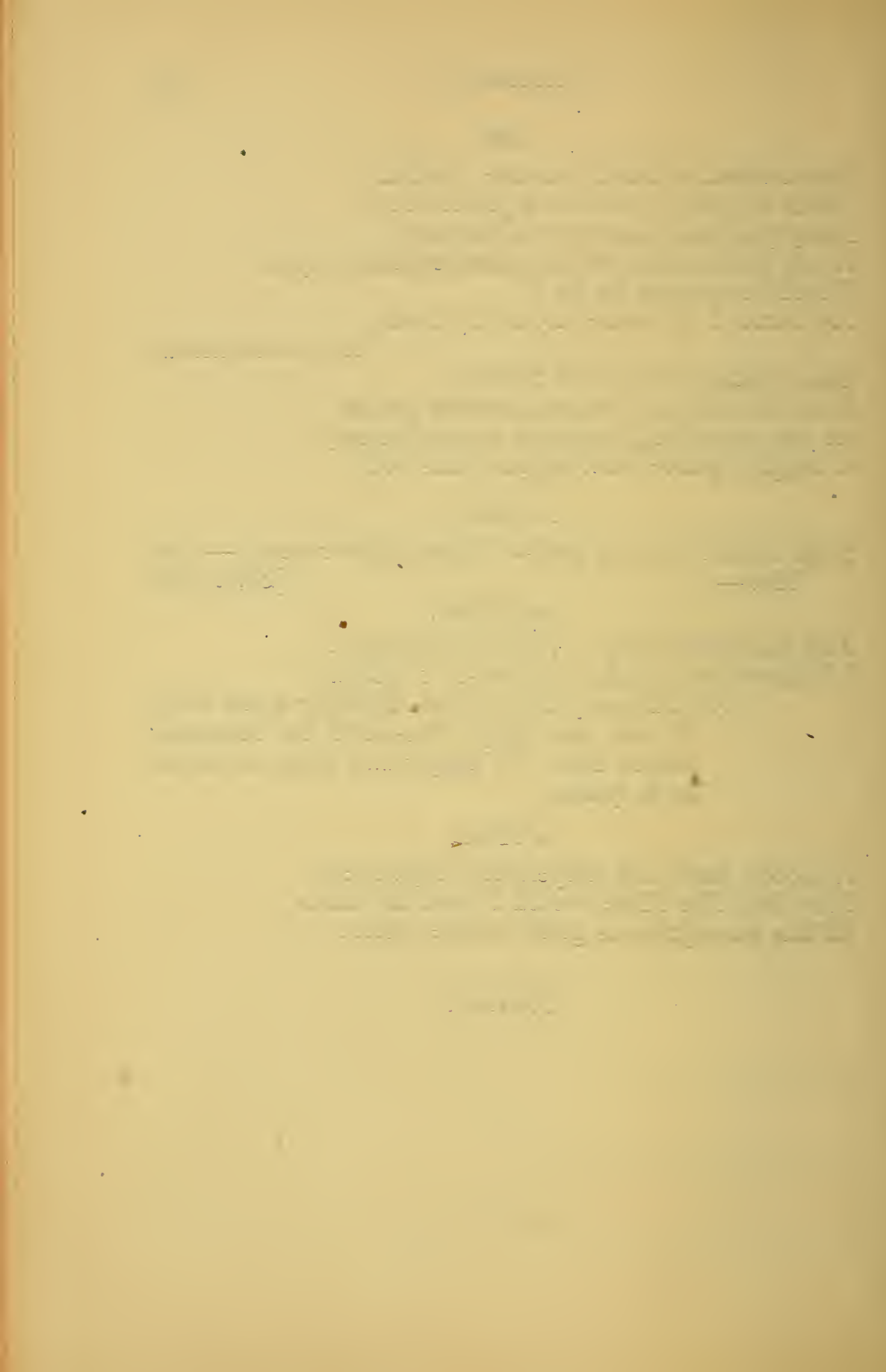
And that [*stabs him*]. If all this will not do
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*As Clarence falls, the 2nd Murderer kneels as if
to raise and carry him.—The 1st Murderer
throws down his dagger and turns in horror
as he speaks.*]

1st Murd.

A bloody deed, and desperately despatched!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

CURTAIN.



Act Third.

Scene First. { LONDON.—THE PALACE. [SECOND
GROOVES.] KING EDWARD IV. DIS-
COVERED IN LARGE CHAIR, SICK.
QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS,
HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, AND OTHERS
DISCOVERED.

King Edward.

Why, so ; now have I done a good day's work ;—
You peers, continue this united league.
I every day expect an embassy
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence :
And now in peace, my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Rivers.

By heaven, my soul is purged from grudging hate :
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast.

So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

Q. Eliz.

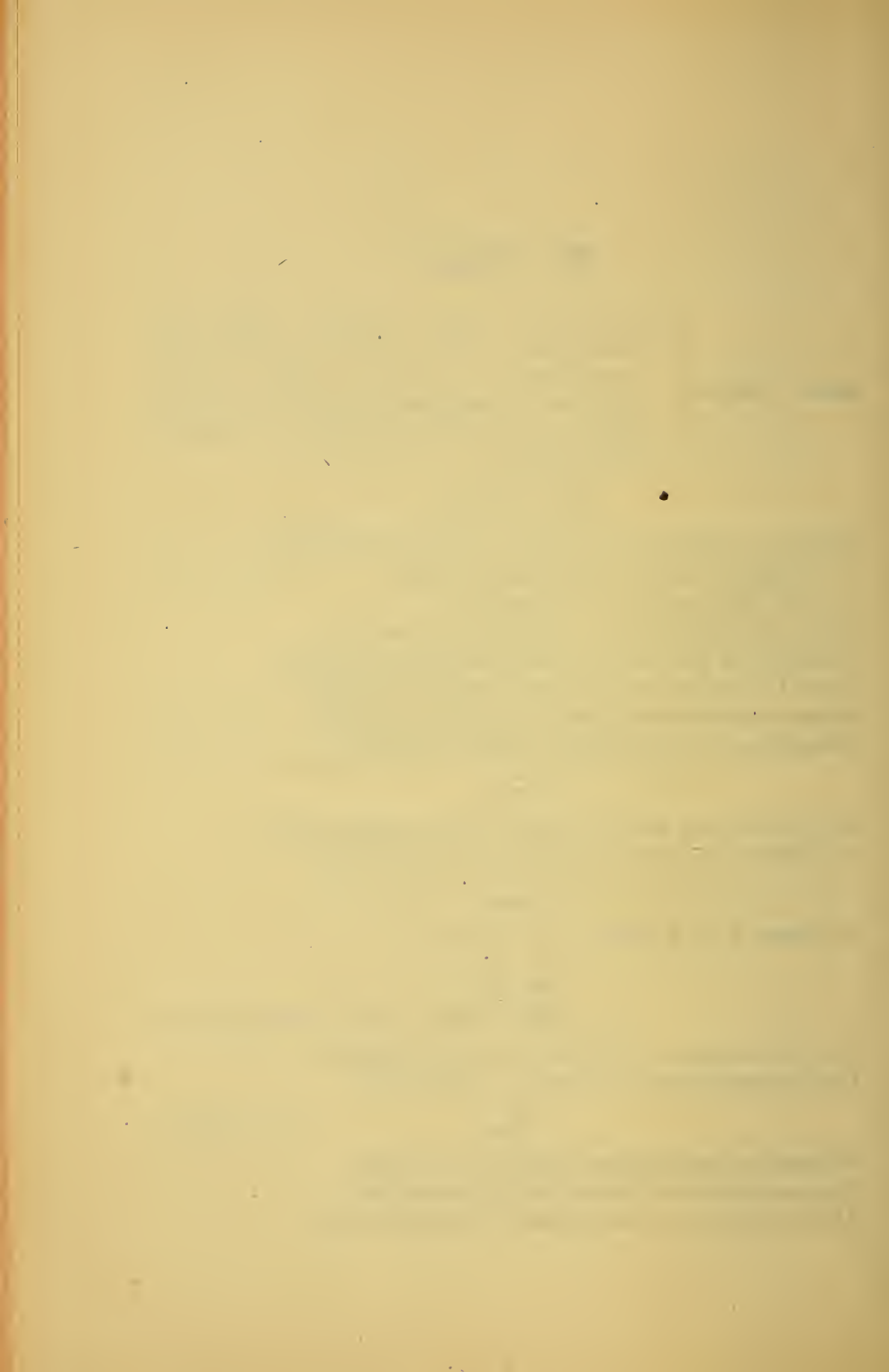
[*Offers hand, which Hastings takes.*

And Hastings ; I will never more remember
Our former hatred ; so thrive I and mine.

Buck.

[*To Queen.*

Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
On you or yours, but with all duteous love,
Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me



With hate in those where I expect most love!
 When I have most need to employ a friend
 And most assured that he is a friend,
 Deep, hollow, treacherous and full of guile,
 Be he unto me! This do I beg of heaven,
 When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

K. Edward.

A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
 Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
 There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
 To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck.

And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

[Enter Gloster.]

Glos.

Good morrow to my sovereign king and queen.
 And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edward.

Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
 Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
 Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
 Between these swelling, wrong-incensed peers.

Glos.

A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege:
 Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
 By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
 Hold me a foe;
 If I, unwittingly, or in my rage,
 Have aught committed that is hardly borne
 By any in this presence, I desire,
 To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
 'T is death to me to be at enmity:
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to-night.
 And I thank heaven for my humility.

Q. Eliz.

A holy day shall this be kept hereafter.
I would to heaven all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glos.

Why, madam, have I offered love for this
To be so flouted in this royal presence?
Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead? [*All start.*
You do him injury to scorn his corse.

Q. Eliz.

All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

K. Edward.

Is Clarence dead? The order was reversed.

Glos.

But he, poor soul, by your first order died.
God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from suspicion!

[*Enter Stanley L. Kneels.*

Stan.

A boon, my sovereign, for my service done.

K. Edward.

I pray thee, peace, my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan.

I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edward.

Then speak at once, what is it thou demandest?

Stan.

The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edward.

[*The king, very feeble, begins now to rally — breaking down and sinking exhausted into chair at the end of speech.*]

Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
 And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
 My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was cruel death.
 Who sued to me for him? Who, in my rage,
 Kneeled at my feet and bade me be advised?
 Who spake of brotherhood? Who spake of love?
 Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down he rescued me,
 And said, dear brother, live, and be a king?
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his own garments, and gave himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb, cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully plucked, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,
 And I unjustly too, must grant it you:
 But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life;
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.
 O, God, I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this:
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet—
 Oh, poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt all but Gloster and Buckingham.*]

Glos.

This is the fruit of rashness! Marked you not
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Looked pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it!
Hark! What noise is this?

*[Re-enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly, Hastings,
Catesby, Ratcliff and Duchess of York, Rivers,
and Dorset following.]*

Q. Eliz.

Oh! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul.
And to myself become an enemy.
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.

[Gloster and Buckingham exeunt.]

Duch.

Oh, so much interest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images:
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance,
Are cracked in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee.

[Duchess sits.]

Rivers.

Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince, your son; send straight for him,
Let him be crowned; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

[Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.]

Glos.

Madam, have comfort; all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace; humbly on my knee
I crave your blessing!

Duch.

God bless thee, and put meekness in thy mind,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glos.

[*Aside.*

Amen! And make me die a good old man:
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing:
I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck.

You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
Meseemeth good, that, now
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetched,
Hither, to London, to be crowned our king.

Glos.

Be it so:
Madam, and you, my mother — will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?
[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster.*

Buck.

My lord, whoever journeys to the prince
For heaven's sake, let not us two stay behind:
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talked of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glos.

My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet ! My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

[*Re-enter Catesby.*

Buck.

Come hither, gentle Catesby ; thou art sworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart ;
What think'st thou ? Is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke,
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Catesby.

He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Glos.

What think'st thou then of Stanley ? Will not he ?

Catesby.

He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck.

Well, then, no more, but this : go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose :
And summon him to come unto the tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons.
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too ; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination.

[*Catesby is going.*

Glos.

Commend me to Lord William; tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries,
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck.

Good Catesby, go; effect this business soundly.

Catesby.

My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

Glos.

Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Catesby.

You shall, my lord.

Glos.

At Crosby place; there shall you find us both.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Cousin, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables.
Whereof the king, my brother, stood possessed.

Buck.

I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glos.

And look to have it yielded with all willingness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards,
We may digest our complots in some form.

Buck.

Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots.

Glos.

Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene Second.—ROOM IN HASTINGS' HOUSE.

[*Enter Hastings with open letter—a servant following him—R. H.*

Hast.

Go, fellow, go, return unto Lord Stanley,
 Bid him not fear the separated councils !
 His Honor and myself are at the one,
 And at the other is my servant Catesby ;
 Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance,
 And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond,
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
 To fly the boar before the boar pursues
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
 Go now, and bid Lord Stanley come to me ;
 And we will both together to the tower,
 Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.

[*Exit servant as Catesby enters.*

Catesby.

Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast.

Good morrow, Catesby : you are early stirring !
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Catesby.

It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
 And I believe 't will never stand upright,
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast.

How ! Wear the garland ! Dost thou mean the crown ?

Catesby.

Ay, my good lord.

Hast.

I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced,
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Catesby.

Ay, on my life; and looks to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die, at Pomfret.

Hast.

Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies;
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Catesby.

Heaven keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast.

But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby—

Catesby.

What, my lord?

Hast.

Ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Catesby.

'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
Where men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast.

O, monstrous, monstrous, and so falls it out,
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey! And so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who as thou knowest are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Catesby.

The princes both make high account of you;
[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

Hast.

I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

[*Enter Lord Stanley* L. H.]

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan.

My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby.
You may jest on, but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast.

My lord, I hold my life as dear as you do yours,
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 't is now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan.

The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their state was sure;
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt;
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the tower?

Hast.

At once have with you! Wot you what, my lord?
To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan.

They for their truth might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

[*Exeunt* L. H.]

Scene Third. { COUNCIL HALL IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.—BUCKINGHAM, ELY, RATCLIFF AND OTHERS DISCOVERED.

Buck.

My lords, at once: the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation.

Ely.

Are all things fitting for that royal time?

Buck.

They are, and wants but nomination.

Ely.

To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

[*Enter Stanley and Hastings.*]

Buck.

Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely.

Your grace, methinks should soonest know his mind.

Buck.

Who, I, my lord? We know each other's faces,
But, for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast.

I thank his grace, I know he loves me well ;
 But for his purpose in the coronation,
 I have not sounded him, nor he delivered
 His gracious pleasure any way therein ;
 But you, my noble lords, may name the time,
 And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
 Which I presume he'll take in gentle part.

[*Enter Gloster and Catesby.**Glos.*

My noble lords, I hope
 My absence doth neglect no great designs,
 Which by my presence might have been concluded ?

Buck.

Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
 William Lord Hastings had pronounced your part,
 I mean your voice, for crowning of the king.

Glos.

Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
 His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast.

I thank your grace !

Glos.

My lord of Ely !

Ely.

My lord ?

Glos.

When I was last in Holborn,
 I saw good strawberries in your garden there :
 I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely.

Marry and will, my lord, with all my heart. [Exit c.

Glos.

Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Drawing him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
 And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
 That he will lose his head ere give consent
 His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
 Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck.

Withdraw you hence, my lord.

[Gloster and Buckingham go out.]

Stan.

We have not yet set down this day of triumph,
 To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden ;
 For I myself am not so well provided
 As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

[Re-enter Bishop of Ely.]

Ely.

Where is my lord protector ? I have sent for those straw-
 [berries.]

Hast.

His grace looks cheerfully and smooth to-day ;
 There's some conceit or other likes him well
 When he doth bid good-morrow with such spirit.
 I think there's never a man in Christendom
 That can less hide his love or hate than he ;
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan.

What of his heart perceive you in his face,
 By any likelihood he showed to-day ?

Hast.

Marry, that with no man here is he offended :
 For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Stan.

Pray heaven he be not, say I.

[Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.]

[*Page enters with berries. Ely about to rise, Catesby goes quickly to prevent him—takes the dish and gives it to Gloster. The council busy with papers, &c., at table.*

Glos.

Go cousin.

[*Aside.*

The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children.

Buck.

Fear not, my lord ! I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and, so, my lord, adieu.

Glos.

If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's castle ;
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

Go, Catesby, with all speed, to Doctor Shaw,
Then to Friar Penker ; bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[*Catesby exits.*

Glos.

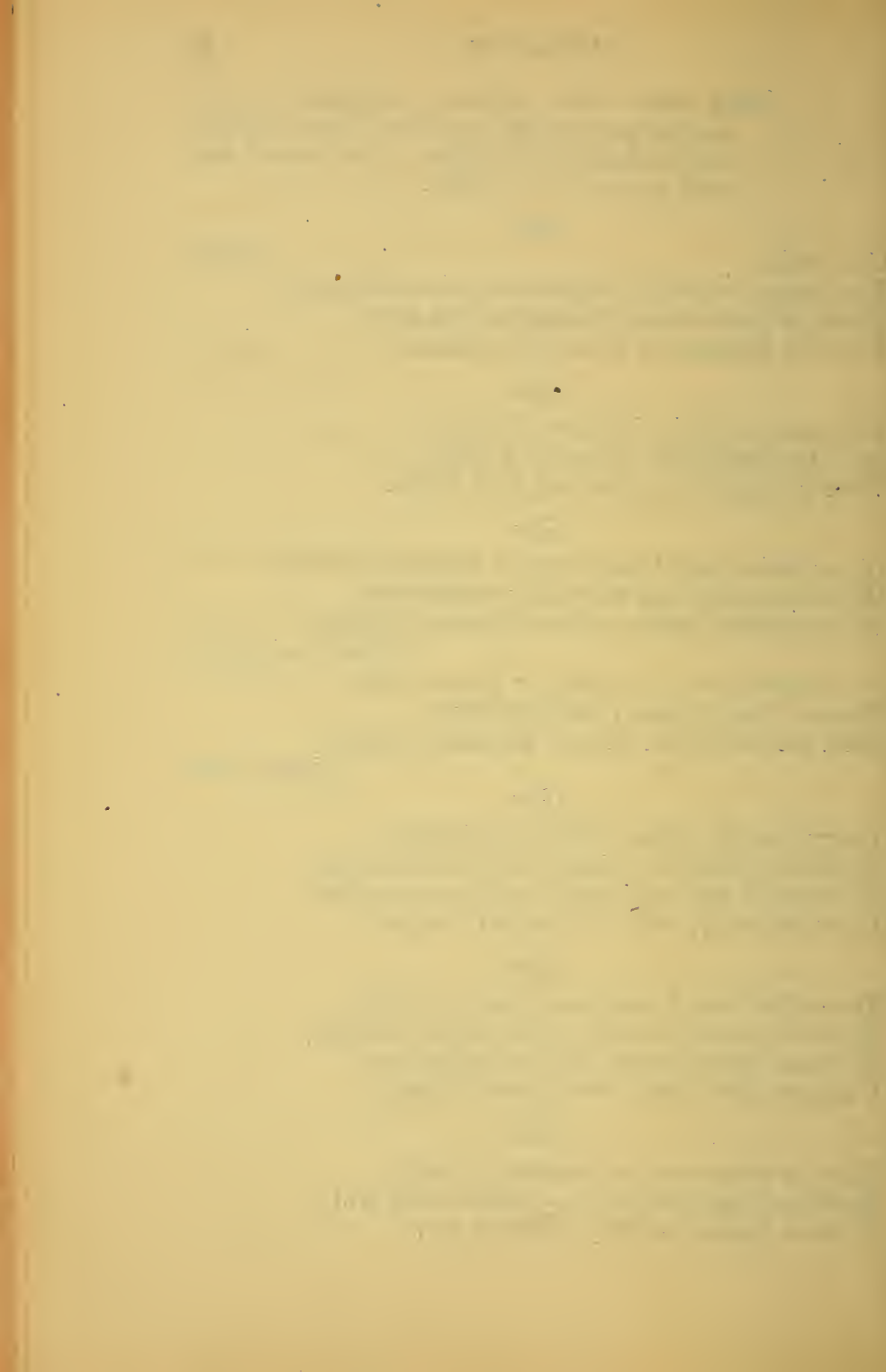
I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damnèd witchcraft, and that have prevailed
Upon my body, with their hellish charms ?

Hast.

The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward, in this noble presence,
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glos.

Then be your eyes the witness of this ill :
See how I am bewitched — behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling, withered up :



And this is Edward's wife — that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that wanton Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast.

[*Rises.*

If they have done this, my gracious lord —

Glos.

If! thou protector of this damned bawd.

[*All start and look at Gloster in terror. Hastings rises, but sinks into his seat at "Off with his head."*

Tellest thou me of "ifs?" Thou art a traitor!
Off with his head! By holy Paul I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.
Ratcliff, look to 't!

[*Ratcliff comes quickly to the side of Hastings.*

The rest that love me, rise and follow me!

[*All but Hastings rise quickly, as if to go with Gloster.*

PICTURE.

QUICK CURTAIN.

Act Fourth.

Scene First. { BAYNARD'S CASTLE. C. WINDOW — DISTANT VIEW. BALUSTRADE AND 4 OR 5 STEPS R. 2. E. WIDE ENOUGH FOR THREE ABREAST. GLOSTER DISCOVERED.

[Enter Buckingham.

Glos.

How now, my lord, what say the citizens ?

Buck.

The citizens are mum, and speak no word.

Glos.

Touched you the bastardy of Edward's children ?

Buck.

I did ; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France ;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy ;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouched or slightly handled in discourse ;
And when mine oratory grew to an end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry " God save Richard, England's royal king ! "

Glos.

And did they so ?

THE [illegible]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

[illegible text]

Buck.

Not one, heaven help me! They spake not a word;
 But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones,
 Gazed each on other, and looked deadly pale,—
 Which, when I saw, I reprehended them;
 And asked the mayor what meant this wilful silence;
 His answer, was, the people were not wont
 To be spoke to but by the recorder.
 Then he was urged to tell my tale again;
 “Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferred;”
 But nothing spake in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own
 At the lower end of the hall, hurled up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried—God save King Richard!
 And thus I took the vantage of those few;
 “Thanks gentle citizens and friends!” quoth I,
 “This general applause and cheerful shout
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;”
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glos.

What tongueless blocks! Would they not speak?
 Will not the mayor then and his brethren come?

Buck.

The mayor is here at hand: intend some fear;
 Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit.
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord.
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant;
 And be not easily won to our request.

Glos.

I go: and if you plead as well for them,
 As I can say “nay” to thee for myself,
 No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

[*Music pp.*



Buck.

Go, go! the lord mayor comes!

[*Exit Gloster R. 2. E. Enter the mayor, preceded by four aldermen, and followed by lords and gentlemen.*

Welcome, my lord; I dance attendance here;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

[*Enter Catesby R. 2. E.*

How now! What says he, Catesby, to my wish?

Catesby.

My noble lord, he doth entreat your grace,
To visit him to-morrow or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers
Divinely bent to meditation.
And in no worldly suits would he be moved,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck.

Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again;
Tell him myself, the mayor and citizens,
In deep designs, and matters of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Catesby.

I'll go, and tell him what you say, my lord.

[*Exit R. 2. E.*

Buck.

Ah, ah, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul;
Happy were England, would this gracious prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof!
But, sure, I fear we ne'er shall win him to it.

Mayor.

Marry, heaven forbid his grace should say us nay.

Buck.

I fear he will.

[*Re-enter Catesby.*

How now, Catesby, what says your lord ?

Catesby.

My lord,
He wonders to what end you have assembled,
His grace not being warned thereof before ;
My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

Buck.

Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him ;
By heaven I come in perfect love to him ;
And so once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit Catesby* R. 2. E.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is hard to draw them thence,—
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

[*Re-enter Catesby ; goes* L. H.

Mayor.

See, where he stands-between two clergymen !

Buck.

Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And see, a book of prayer in his hand :
True ornaments to know a holy man.

[*Enter Gloster, between two clergymen, who remain
on the steps.*

Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ears to our request :
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glos.

My lord, there needs no such apology :
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Neglect the visitation of my friends.
But leaving this ; what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck.

Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungoverned isle.

Glos.

I do suspect I have done some offence,
That seems disgraceful in the city's eyes.
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck.

You have, my lord : would it might please your grace,
At our entreaties, to amend that fault !

Glos.

Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land ?

Buck.

Then know, it is your fault that you resign,
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The sceptred office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemished stock ;
We heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge,
And kingly government of this your land ;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.

Glos.

I know not whether to depart in silence
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,

Best fitteth my degree or your condition.
If not to answer, you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me :
If to reprove you for this suit of yours
So seasoned with your faithful love to me,—
Then, on the other side, I checked my friends.
Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert,
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth ;
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I had rather hide me from my greatness.
But God be thanked, there is no need of me !
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellowed by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
Which God defend that I should wring from him !

Buck.

My lord, this argues conscience in your grace ;
But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered,
Good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffered benefit of dignity ;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry,
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

Mayor.

Do, good my lord — your citizens entreat you.

Buck.

Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffered love.

Catesby.

Oh, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glos.

Alas, why would you heap this care on me ?
I am unfit for state and majesty ;
I do beseech you take it not amiss ;
I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck.

If you refuse it, as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house ;
Zounds ! I'll entreat no more.

Glos.

Oh, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham.

Buck.

In this resolve I leave you.

[*Exit Buckingham.*]

Catesby.

My lord, accept our suit.

Mayor.

Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it ?

Glos.

Call him again.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

I am not made of stone,

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

[*Re-enter Buckingham.*

Cousin of Buckingham,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load.
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcements shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof:
For heaven knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor.

God bless your grace! We see it and will say it.

Glos.

In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck.

Then I salute you with this kingly title,
Long live King Richard, England's royal king!

[*All kneel.*

All.

Long live King Richard, England's royal king!

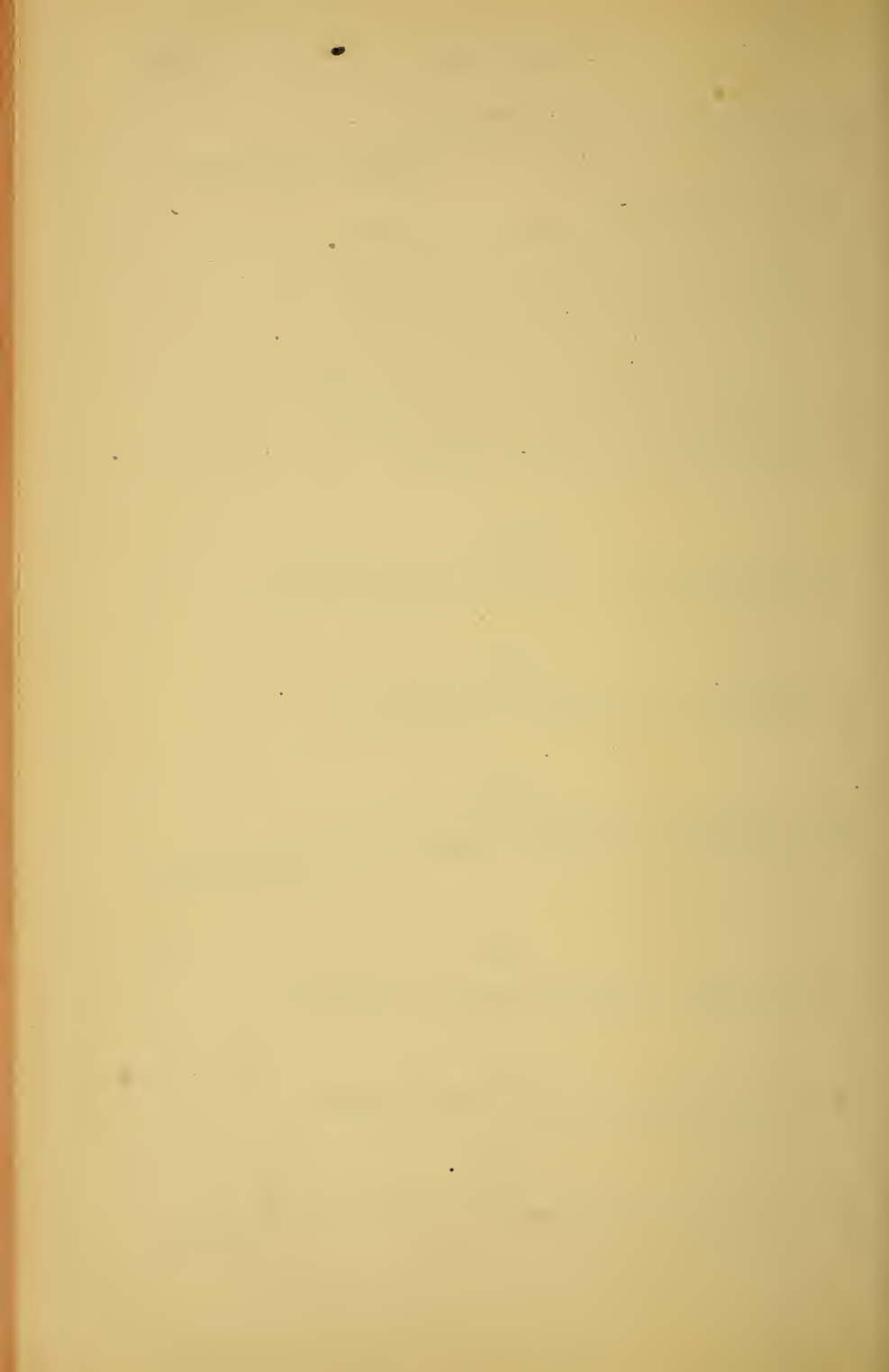
Buck.

To-morrow will it please you to be crowned?

Glos.

Even when you please,—since you will have it so.

[*All rise.*



Buck.

To-morrow then we will attend your grace :.
And so, most joyfully we take our leave.

Glos.

Farewell, good cousin — farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt aldermen and gentlemen, lord mayor last.
Gloster and Buckingham embrace. The clergy-
men come forward to C. and go up with Gloster
towards R. 2. E.*

Come, let us to our holy task again.

[*Exeunt.*

CURTAIN.

Act Fifth.

Scene First.—LONDON—THE PALACE.

[*Grand march is heard. Enter Richard, in pomp, crowned, followed by lords, bishops, guards, etc. Throne and canopy on wide dais; other rich furniture about the room. Buckingham, Catesby, pages and others discovered. As Richard ascends throne, all advance to c. in front of him and bow—Back R.*

K. Rich.

Stand all apart.

[*All retire and remain in groups R. and L.*
Cousin of Buckingham!

Buck.

My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich.

Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance, is King Richard seated;
But shall we wear these honours for a day?
Or shall they last and we rejoice in them?

Buck.

Still live they and forever may they last!

K. Rich.

O, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed!
Young Edward lives. Think now what I would say.

Buck.

Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich.

Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck.

Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

K. Rich.

Ha! am I king? 'T is so! But Edward lives.

Buck.

True, noble prince.

K. Rich.

O, bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live! "True, noble prince!"
Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull:
Shall I be plain? I wish the bastard dead;
And I would have it suddenly performed
What say'st thou? Speak suddenly; be brief!

Buck.

Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich.

Tut, tut—thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth:
Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck.

Give me some breath, some little pause, my lord,
Before I positively speak in this:
I will resolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit* L. I. E.]

K. Rich.

I will converse with iron-witted fools.
And unrespective boys: None are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:
High reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy !

[*Whispers, and gives ring to page, who exits R.*
The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel.
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath ?

[*Enter Stanley L.*

How now, what news with you ?

Stan.

My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's fled
To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea
Where he abides.

K. Rich.

Catesby.

Catesby.

[*Comes down R.*

My lord ?

K. Rich.

Rumour it abroad
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die :
[*Aside.*] I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
[*Aside.*] Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter,
The boy is foolish and I fear not him.
Look how thou dreamst ! I say again, give out
That Anne, my wife, is sick and like to die.
About it !

[*Exit Catesby R. U. E.*

For it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.
Murder her brothers, and then marry her !
Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in
So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

[*Re-enter page with Tyrrel R. I. E. Tyrrel kneels
and gives King Richard a ring. Page goes up.*

K. Rich.

Is thy name Tyrrel ?

Tyr.

James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich.

Art thou, indeed ?

Tyr.

Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich.

Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine ?

Tyr.

Ay, my lord ;
But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich.

Why there thou hast it : two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers
Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the tower.

Tyr.

Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I 'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich.

Thou sing'st sweet music ! Hark —

Go by this token : rise

And lend thine ear.

There is no more but so : say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

[*Gives Tyrrel ring.*

[*Whispers.*

Tyr.

'T is done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich.

Shall we hear from thee Tyrrel, ere we sleep ?



Tyr.

You shall, my lord.

[*As Tyrrel goes R. I. E. and exits, Buckingham enters L. I. E.*

Buck.

My lord, I have considered in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich.

Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck.

I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich.

[*Stanley advances.*
Stanley, he is your wife's son—well, look to it.

Buck.

My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawned,
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables,
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich.

Stanley, look to your wife ; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

[*Stanley exits.*

Buck.

What says your highness to my just demand ?

K. Rich.

I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little, peevish boy,
A king, perhaps, perhaps, ——

Buck.

My lord !

K. Rich.

How chance the prophet could not at that time
Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him.

Buck.

My lord, your promise for the earldom, —

K. Rich.

Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor, in courtesy, showed me the castle,
And called it Rougemont; at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck.

[*Kneels and takes Richard by the robe.*

My lord!

K. Rich.

Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck.

I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich.

Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck.

Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich.

Well, let it strike.

Buck.

Why let it strike?

K. Rich.

Because, that like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke,
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation,
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

[*Crosses L.*

Buck.

Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

K. Rich.

Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[All but Buckingham exeunt with Richard.]

Buck.

And is it thus ? repays he my deep service
With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?
O, let me think on Hastings, and begone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[Exit L. U. E.]

Scene Second.—KING'S CLOSET.

[Enter Tyrrel R.]

Tyr.

The tyrannous and bloody deed is done.
Dighton and Forest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bring the tidings to the king. He comes,

[Enter King Richard L.]

All hail, my sovereign liege !

[Kneels.]

K. Rich.

Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr.

If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget you happiness, be happy then,
For it is done, my lord.

K. Rich.

But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr.

I did, my lord.

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THE JOURNAL

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K. Rich.

And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr.

The chaplain of the tower hath buried them,
But how, or in what place, I do not know.

K. Rich.

Come to me Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire. [*Exit Tyrrel.*
The son of Clarence have I pent up close;
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne, my wife, hath bid the world good-night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her I go, a jolly, thriving wooer.

[*Enter Catesby, in haste, L. I. E.*

Catesby.

My lord, ——

K. Rich.

Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so bluntly?

Catesby.

Bad news, my lord — Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, backed with the hardy Welchmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth!

K. Rich.

Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied numbers.
Come! Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary:
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

The first of these is the fact that the law is not a science, but an art. It is not a body of knowledge which can be taught in a school or university, but a skill which can only be acquired by practice.

The second is that the law is not a static body of knowledge, but a dynamic one. It is constantly changing and developing, and it is always subject to the influence of the social and political environment.

The third is that the law is not a neutral body of knowledge, but a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the powerful. It is always subject to the influence of the interests of the state, the courts, and the legal profession.

The fourth is that the law is not a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the powerful, but a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the weak. It is always subject to the influence of the interests of the poor, the oppressed, and the marginalized.

The fifth is that the law is not a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the weak, but a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the strong. It is always subject to the influence of the interests of the rich, the powerful, and the dominant.

The sixth is that the law is not a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the strong, but a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the weak. It is always subject to the influence of the interests of the poor, the oppressed, and the marginalized.

The seventh is that the law is not a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the weak, but a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the strong. It is always subject to the influence of the interests of the rich, the powerful, and the dominant.

The eighth is that the law is not a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the strong, but a body of knowledge which is always subject to the influence of the interests of the weak. It is always subject to the influence of the interests of the poor, the oppressed, and the marginalized.

Scene Third.—STREET.

[*Enter Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of York R. U. E.*

Q. Eliz.

Ah, my poor princes! Ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!

[*Margaret enters at back.*

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
And be not fixed in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar.

Hover about her; say, that right for right
Hath dimmed your infant morn to aged night.

Duch.

So many miseries have crazed my voice
That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.

Q. Eliz.

[*To Margaret.*

Oh thou didst prophesy the time would come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-backed toad:

Q. Mar.

I called thee then vain flourish of my fortune;
I called thee then poor shadow, painted queen:
A queen in jest only to fill the scene.
Where is thy husband now? Where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two sons? Wherein dost thou joy?
Who sues and kneels and says, God save the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troops that followed thee?
Decline all this and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For queen, a very caitiff crowned with care;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;

For one that scorned at me, now scorned of me ;
 For one being feared of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obeyed of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice whirled about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthened yoke ;
 From which even here I slip my weary neck,
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance ;
 These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz.

O, thou well skilled in curses, stay awhile,
 And teach me how to curse my enemies.

Q. Mar.

Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were
 And he that slew them fouler than he is ;
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse ;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse !

[*Exit Margaret* L. 3. E.

Duch.

Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz.

Poor breathing orators of miseries !
 Let them have scope ; though what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch.

If so, then be not tongue-tied ; go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother

My damnèd son, which thy two sweet sons smothered.
[*Distant march, pp.*

I hear his drum!

[*Enter King Richard, L. U. E., with forces, guards, lords, and Catesby. Two pages precede Richard, and two follow him. Trumpet calls a halt.*

K. Rich.

Who intercepts my expedition?

Duch.

[*Stops him. He crosses and meets Elizabeth.*

O, she that might have intercepted thee
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done!

Q. Eliz.

Hidest thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be graven, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owned that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch.

Where is thy brother Clarence?
And young Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz.

Where Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

K. Rich.

A flourish, trumpets! Strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I say!

[*Flourish, during which Duchess goes to Queen Elizabeth.*

Either be patient and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations!

Duch.

Art thou my son?



K. Rich.

Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duch.

Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich.

Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch.

O, let me speak!

K. Rich.

Do then, but I'll not hear.

Duch.

I will be mild and gentle in my speech.

K. Rich.

And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Duch.

Art thou so hasty? I have stayed for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Rich.

And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duch.

No, by the holy rood, thou knowest it well,
Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell!
A grievous burthen was thy birth to me;
Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy:
Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild and furious.
Thy prime of manhood daring, bold and venturous,
Thy age confirmed, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous.
What comfortable hour canst thou name,
That ever graced me in thy company?



K. Rich.

Faith none, but Humphrey Hour, that called your grace
To breakfast once forth of my company.
If I be so disgracious in your sight,
Let me march on and not offend your grace.
Strike up the drum!

Duch.

I prithee hear me speak.

K. Rich.

You speak too bitterly.

Duch.

Hear me a word:
For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich.

So.

Duch.

Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wearest!
My prayers on the adverse party fight;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend!

[*Exit R. I. E.*

Q. Eliz.

Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse
Abides in me; I say amen to her.

[*Going L. Richard stops her.*



K. Rich.

Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz.

I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens :
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich.

You have a daughter called Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz.

And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I 'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Throw over her the veil of infamy,
So she may live unscarred of bleeding slaughter.

K. Rich.

Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours were by me wronged !
So in the lethe of thy angry soul
Drown thou the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz.

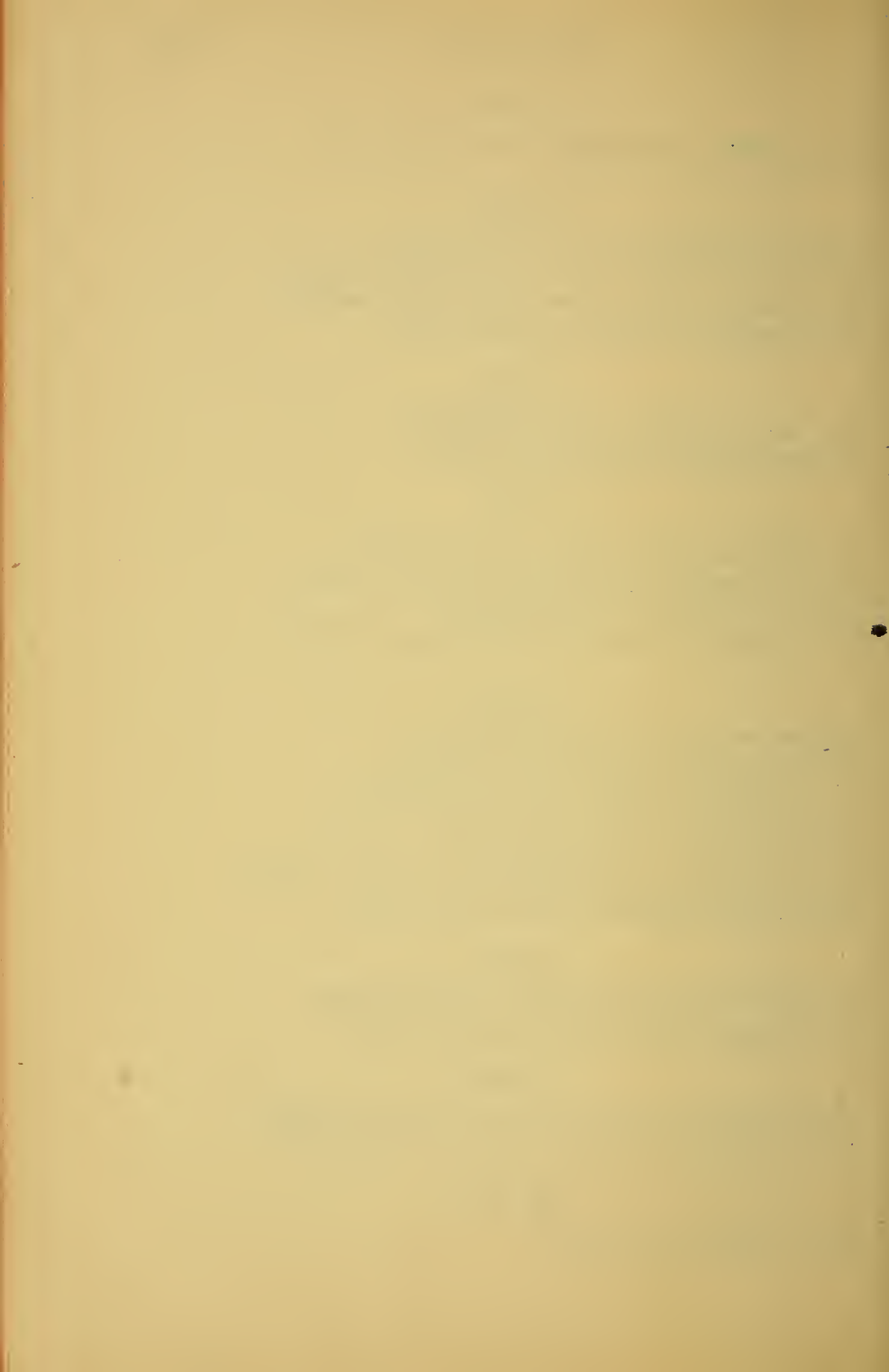
Be brief lest that the process of thy kindness,
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich.

Then know that from my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz.

How canst thou woo her ?



K. Rich.

That would I learn of you,
As one that's best acquainted with her humours.

Q. Eliz.

And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich.

Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz.

Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts, thereon engraved
Edward and York : then haply she will weep :
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steeped in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief,
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts ;
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers, yea, and for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

[*Crosses L.*

K. Rich.

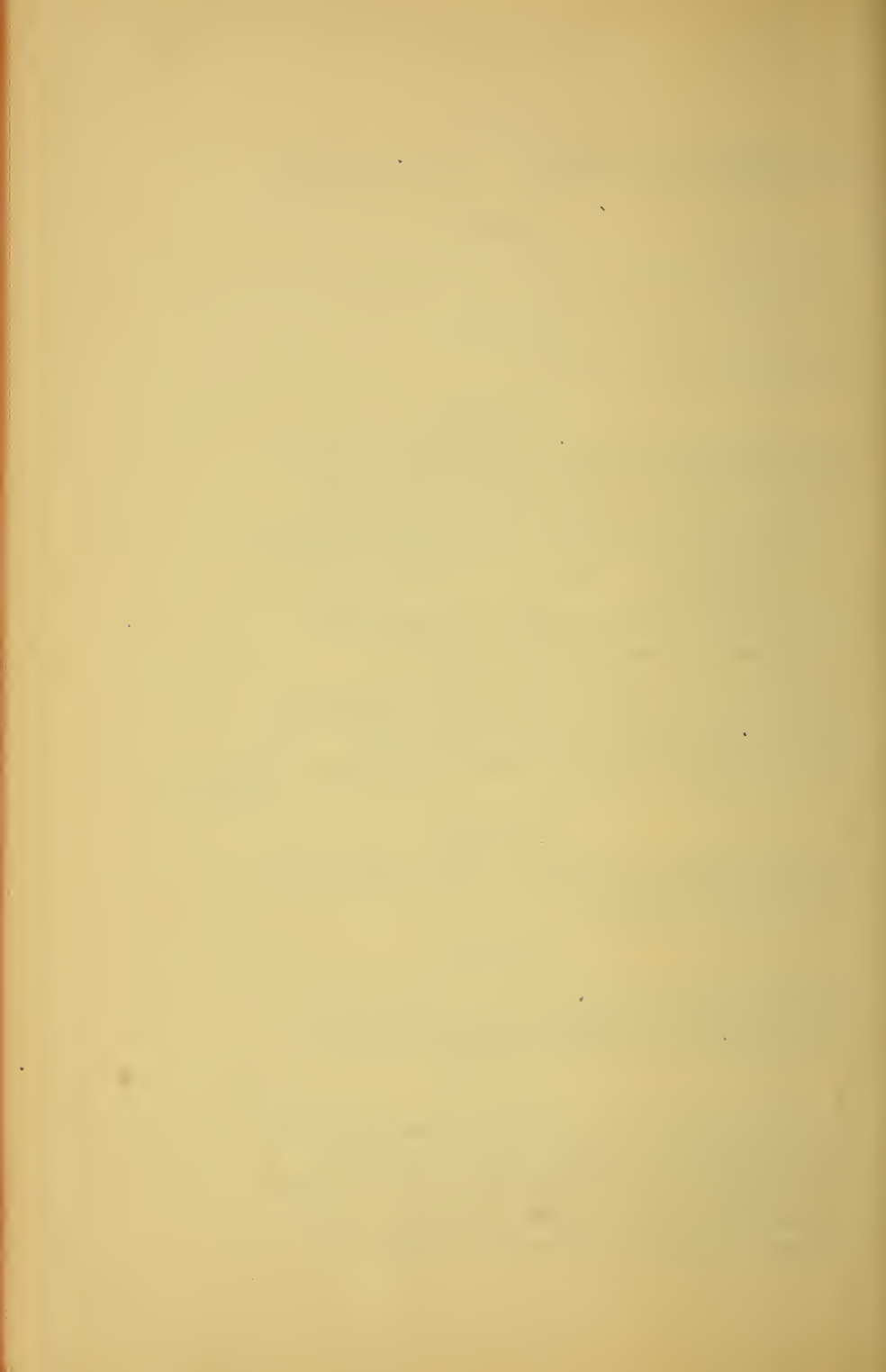
Come, come, you mock me : this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz.

There is no other way ;
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich.

Look,—what is done cannot be now amended ;
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter ;
Again shall you be mother to a king.
What ! We have many goodly days to see :



The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
 Shall come again, transformed to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go, then, my mother,— I must call you so. To thy
 [daughter go;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty;
 And when this arm of mine hath chastisèd
 That petty rebel, dull-brained Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed.
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz.

Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich.

Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz.

Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

K. Rich.

Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz.

Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich.

And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz.

I go—write to me, Richard, very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind ;

K. Rich.

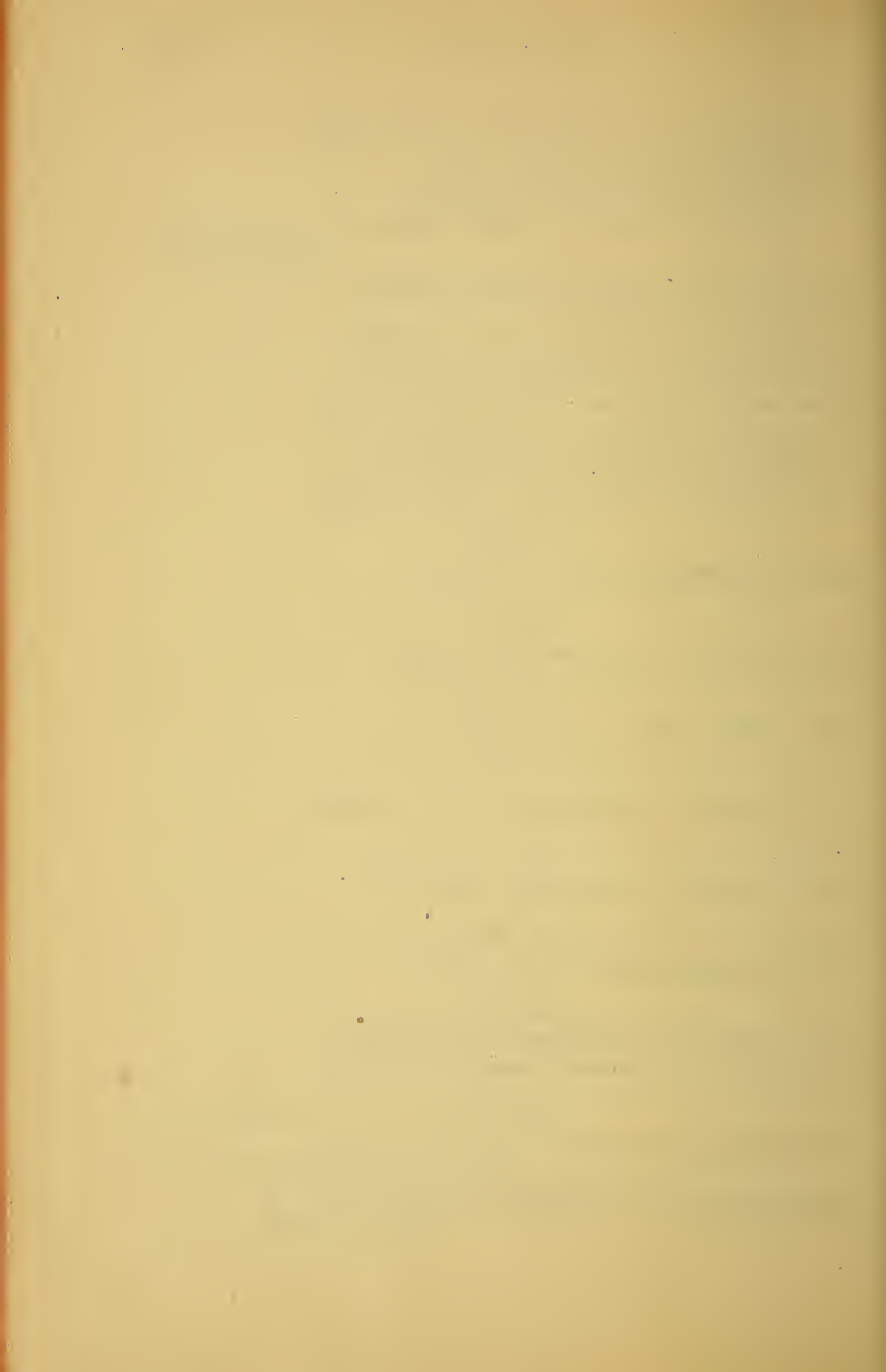
[*Kisses her.*

Bear her my true love's kiss ; and, so farewell.

[*Exit Queen Elizabeth* L. I. E.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

[*Enter Ratcliff* R. U. E.



K. Rich.

How now ? What news ?

Rat.

My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a powerful navy ;
'T is thought that Richmond is their admiral,
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich.

Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk :
Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?

[*Catesby comes R.*

Catesby.

Here, my lord.

K. Rich.

Fly to the duke. [*To Ratcliff.*] Post thou to Salisbury :
When thou comest thither—[*to Catesby*—Dull, unmindful
[*villain,*
Why standest thou still, and goest not to the duke ?

Catesby.

First, mighty sovereign, let me know your mind.

[*Crosses to him.*

K. Rich.

O, true good Catesby : bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make
And meet me presently at Salisbury.

[*Exit Catesby R. U. E. Messenger enters R. 2. E.*
and gives a paper to Richard.

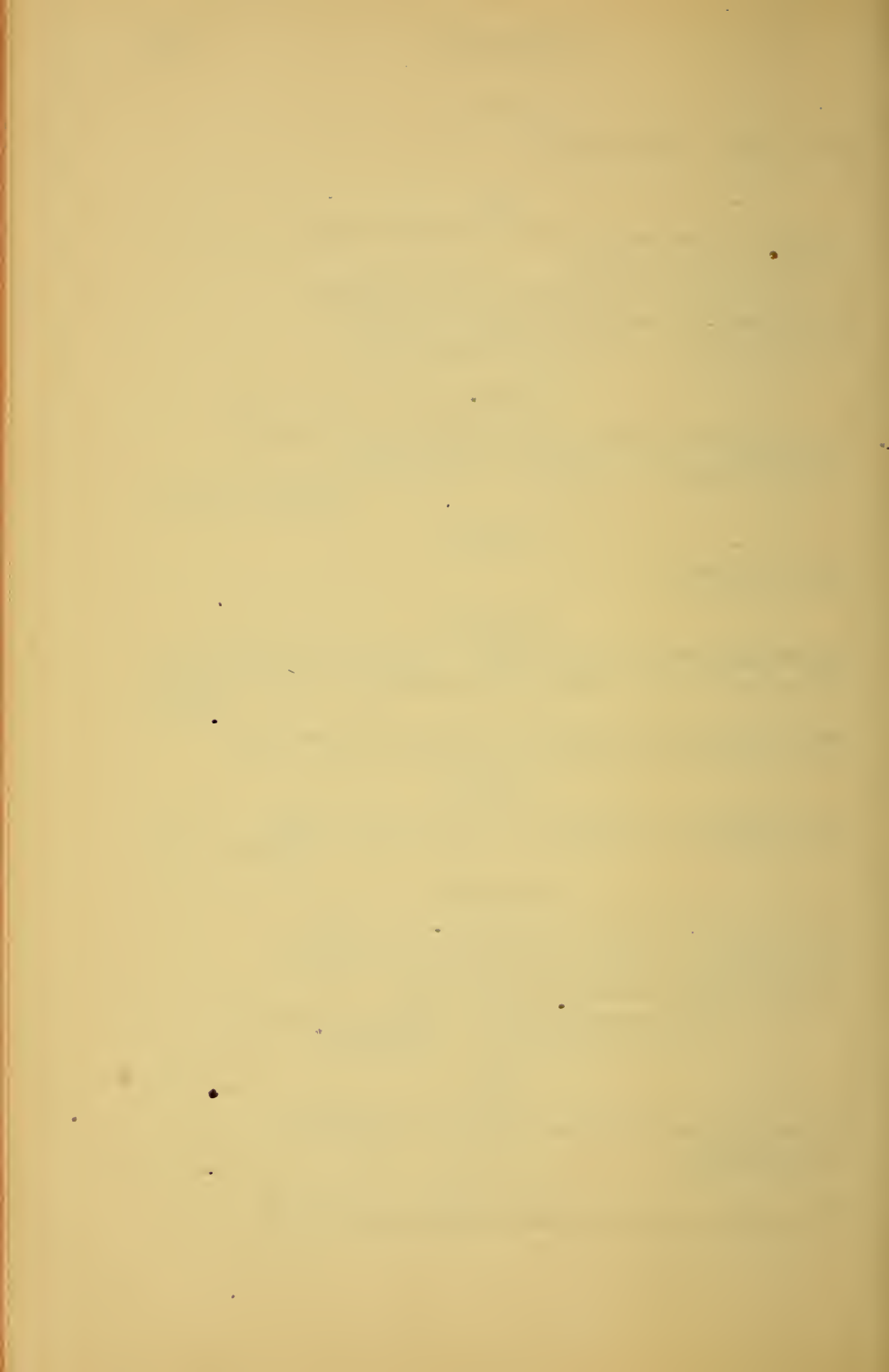
Rat.

[*L.*

What is 't your highness' pleasure I should do
At Salisbury ?

K. Rich.

Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go ?



Rat.

Your highness told me I should post before.

K. Rich.

My mind is changed.

[*Ratcliff goes up and off R. Enter Lord Stanley R. I. E.*

K. Rich.

How now, what news with you?

Stan.

None good my lord, to please you with the hearing:
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.

K. Rich.

Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou mayest tell thy tale a nearer way?
Once more, what news?

Stan.

Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich.

There let him sink, and be the seas on him—
White-livered runagate! what doth he there?

Stan.

I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich.

Well, sir, as you guess?

Stan.

Stirred up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Ely,
He makes for England, here, to claim the crown.

K. Rich.

Is the chair empty? is the sword unswayed?
Is the king dead? the empire unpossessed?
What heir of York is there alive but we;
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

Stan.

Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich.

Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stan.

No, mighty liege ; therefore, mistrust me not.

K. Rich.

Where is thy power then to beat him back ?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers ?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships ?

Stan.

No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich.

Cold friends to Richard : what do they in the north,
When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?

Stan.

They have not been commanded, mighty sovereign :
Please it your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where and what time your majesty shall please.

K. Rich.

Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond :
I will not trust you, sir.

Stan.

[*Kneels.*

Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful :
I never was, and never will be, false.

K. Rich.

Well,
Go, muster men; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley: look your faith be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan.

So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[*Exit R. I. E.*

[*Enter Catesby R. U. E. with open paper. Richard takes and reads it.*

Catesby.

My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty Exeter,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

[*Enter Ratcliff R. 2. E.*

Ratcliff.

My liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in arms;
And every hour their rebel strength increaseth.

[*Enter officer L. 3. E.*

Officer.

Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.

[*Enter Tyrrel L. I. E.*

Tyrrel.

My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham——

K. Rich.

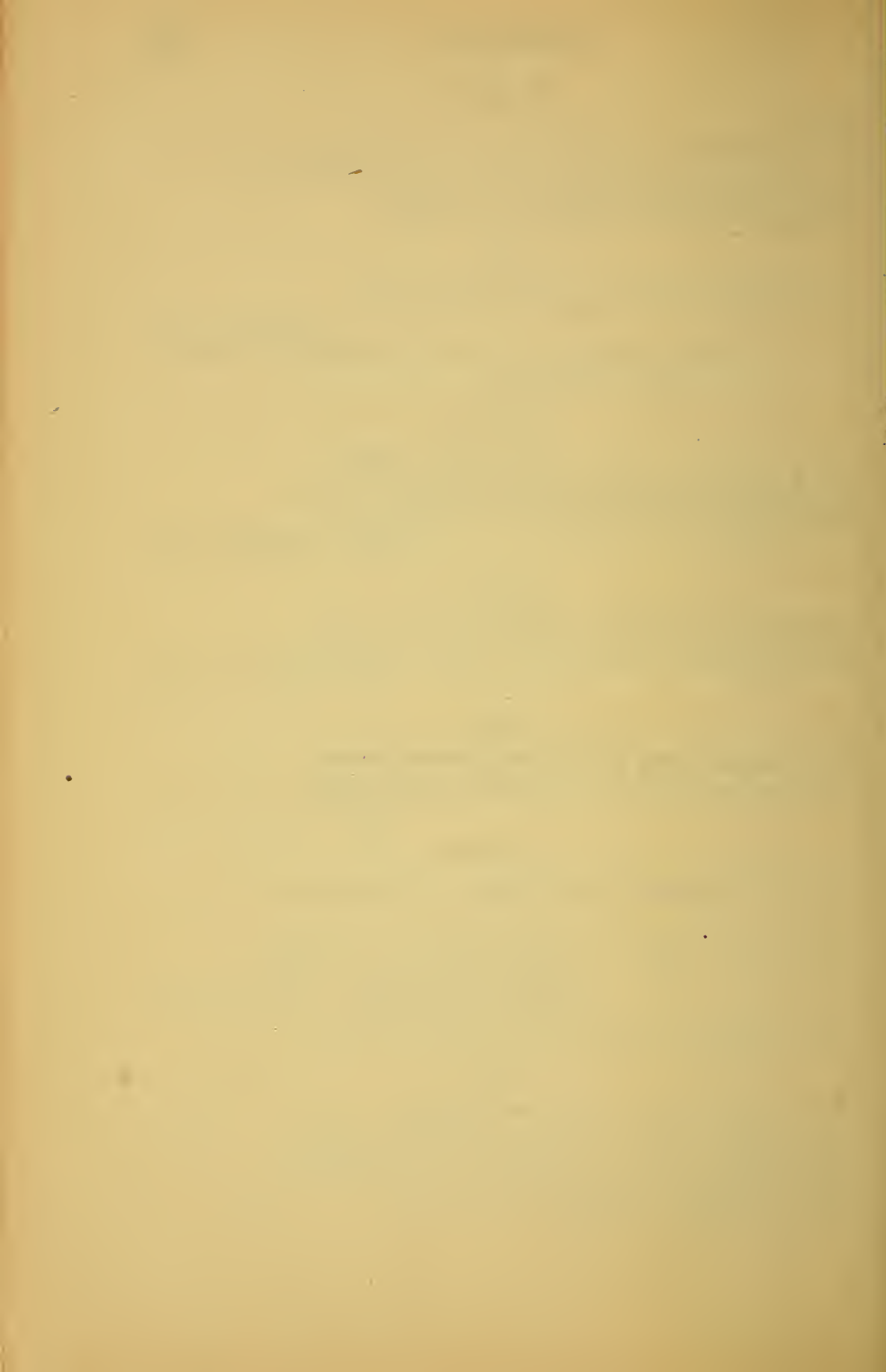
Out on you, owls! Nothing but songs of death!

[*Richard strikes him. Tyrrel kneels.*

Take that, until thou bring me better news.

Tyrrel.

The news I have to tell your majesty
Is,—that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scattered:
And he himself wandered away alone,
No man knows whither.



K. Rich.

I cry thee mercy! Take that to cure that blow of thine!
 [*Throws him a purse.*
 Hath any well-advised friend proclaimed
 Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Tyrrel.

Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.
 [*Enter officer* L. H.

Officer.

My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken!

K. Rich.

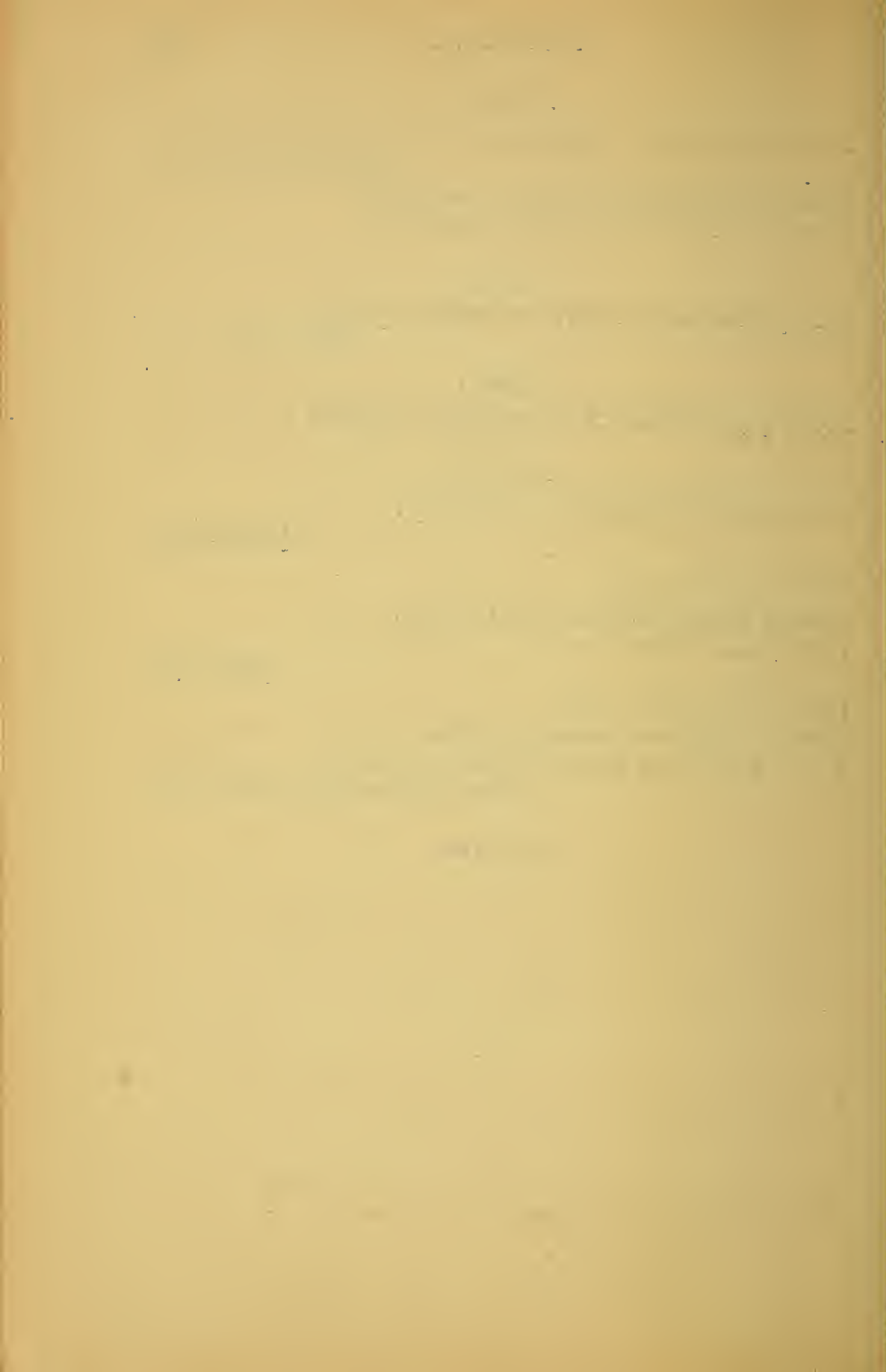
Away with Buckingham to Salisbury!
 [*Exit officer.*

While we reason here
 A royal battle might be won and lost.
 March on! March on!

[*March pp.*

Since we are up in arms:
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.
 [*March forte as procession begins.*

CURTAIN.



Act Sixth.

Scene First. { THE CAMP OF RICHMOND, NEAR TAM-
WORTH. SUNSET. OFFICERS AND GROUPS
OF SOLDIERS DISCOVERED. DIM LIGHT.
RICHMOND'S MARCH IS HEARD.

[*Enter Richmond, Dorset, Ely, Blunt and others.*

Richmond.

Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land,
Have we marched on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley [*Showing a*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. *paper.*
The wretched, bloody and usurping boar,
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march,
Then blithe and cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Dorset.

Every man's conscience is a thousand swords,
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Ely.

He hath no friends but who are friends for fear,
Which in his greatest need will fall from him.

Richmond.

All for our vantage! and remember this,—
 God and our good cause fight upon our side;
 The prayers of holy saints and wrongèd souls,
 Like high-reared bulwarks, stand, before our faces.
 Richard except, those whom we fight against
 Had rather have us win than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow? Truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
 One raised in blood, and one in blood established;
 One that hath ever been God's enemy;
 Then if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But, if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Then cheerly, friends!
 True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Trumpet.*

[*Enter Stanley with officer and two soldiers.*

Stan.

Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richmond.

[*Kneels.*

All comfort that the dark night can afford
 Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
 Tell me, I pray, how fares our loving mother?

Stan.

I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
 [The scene becomes gradually very dark.
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on.
 In brief, for so the season bids us be,
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war.
 I, as I may — that which I would I cannot, —
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms ;
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sundered friends should dwell upon :
 God give us leisure for these rites of love !
 Once more, adieu ! Be valiant and speed well !

*[Prayer music pp. continues, very low and soft, to
 end of scene.]*

Richmond.

Conduct him to his regiment.

[Exeunt Stanley and officers L. I. E.]

Come, lords, let's in to sleep,
 Lest leaden slumber weigh us down to-morrow.
 When we should mount with wings of victory.

[All kneel.]

O, thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye !
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in the victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still !

[Scene closes in slowly.]

Scene Second.—CAMP OF RICHARD.

[*Dim Light. Muffled roll of drum pp. all through the scene, and also occasional distant trumpet calls. Pages enter and raise curtain of tent. Enter Norfolk, Catesby, Ratcliff and others* L. I. E.

Norfolk.

What men of note report to him ?

Catesby.

Sir Walter Herbert, a renownèd soldier,
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley,
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blount,
And Rice-ap-Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth.

[*Enter Richard, Tyrrel, officers, and pages.*

K. Rich.

My lord, why look you so sad ?

Norfolk.

[*Pages bring forward a chair.*

My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich.

Norfolk, we must have knocks ; ha ! must we not ?

Norfolk.

We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich.

What is 't o'clock ?

Catesby.

It's supper time, my lord,
It's nine o'clock !

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K. Rich.

I will not sup to-night.
What! is my beaver easier than it was?
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Catesby.

It is, my liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich.

Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Norfolk.

I go, my lord.

K. Rich.

Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Norfolk.

I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit Norfolk.*]

K. Rich.

Ratcliff,

Rat.

My lord?

K. Rich.

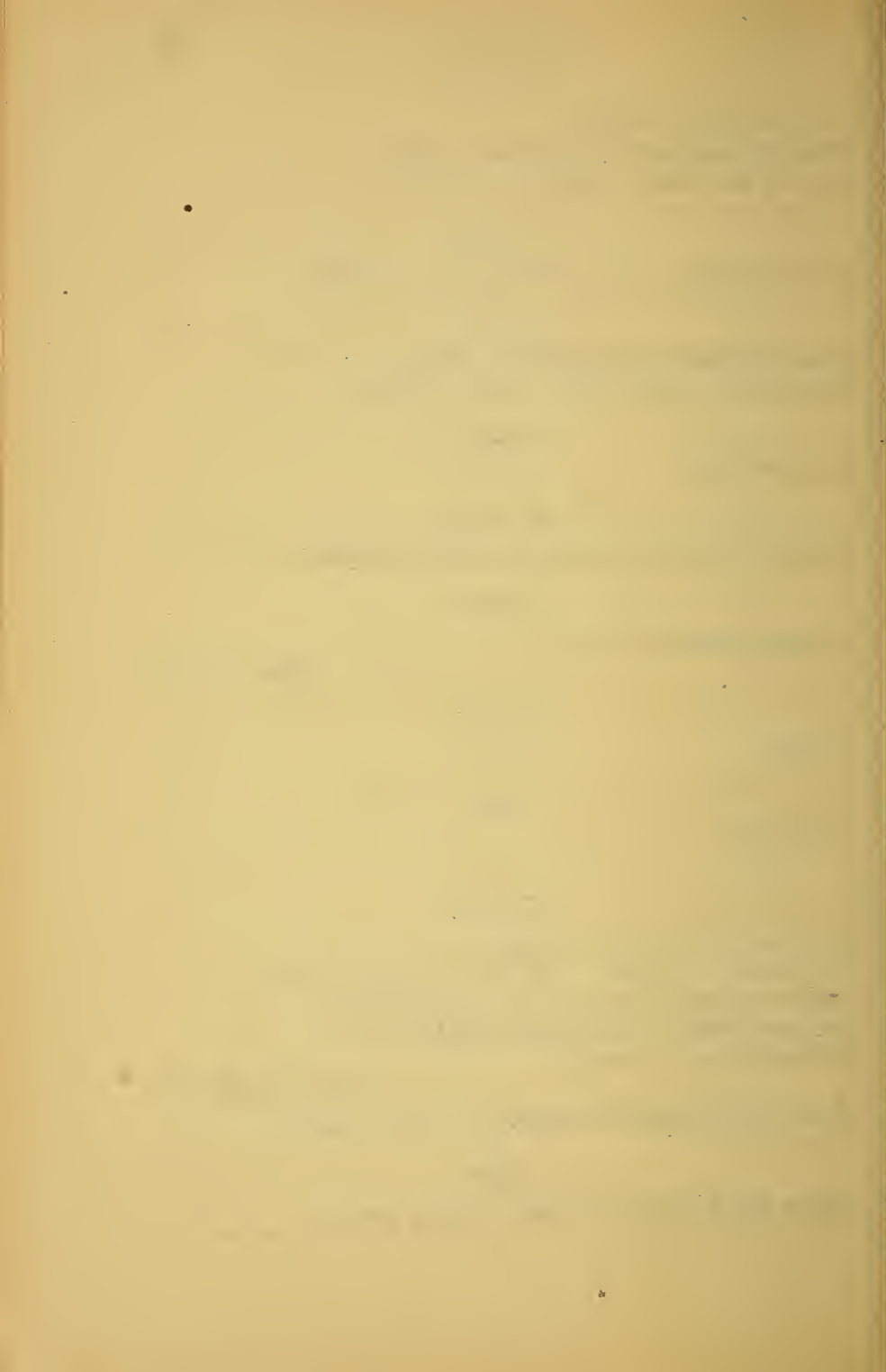
Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.
Fill me a bowl of wine!

[*Page goes into tent.*]

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Rat.

Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.



K. Rich.

Why our battalia treble that account :
Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.

[Page brings wine.

Set it down !

Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow.—

[An officer exits L. I. E.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff !

Rat.

My lord ?

K. Rich.

Sawest thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland ?

Rat.

Thomas, the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich.

I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine.
Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat.

It is, my lord.

K. Rich.

Bid my guard watch.
About the mid of night come to my tent.
And help to arm me.

*[A pause, during which all watch Richard intently.
Distant trumpet.*

Leave me.

[Exeunt all but Richard R. and L.

Here will I lie to night—
But where to-morrow ? Well, all 's one for that.—

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind that I was wont to have.

[*The drum-roll and trumpet cease gradually; tremulo music pp. begins and is kept up through the dream.*

[*After a few vivid flashes of light the scene becomes illuminated and shows the ghosts and the distant tents of Richmond. Ghosts pass from R. U. E. to L. C.*

[*The ghost of Clarence appears.*

Ghost of Clarence. [To Richard.

Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
Poor Clarence, by thy guile, betrayed to death!
To-morrow in the battle, think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die!—

[*To Richmond.*

Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wrongèd heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish!

[*The ghost of Hastings appears.*

Ghost of Hastings. [To Richard.

Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Hastings, and despair and die!—

[*To Richmond.*

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake!
Arm, fight and conquer for fair England's sake!

[*The ghost of Queen Anne appears.*

Ghost of Q. Anne. [To Richard.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy wife,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle, think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair and die!

[*To Richmond.*

Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep.
Dream of success and happy victory;
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee!

Ghost of Prince Edward. [To Richard.

Dream on thy cousins smothered in the tower.
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame and death!

[To Richmond.

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy!
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

[The Ghost of Buckingham appears.

Ghost of Buckingham. [To Richard.

The first was I that helped thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness!

[To Richmond.

I died for hope, ere I could lend thee aid:
But cheer thy heart and be thou not dismayed;
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard fall in height of all his pride!

[Ghosts vanish. As Richard wakes, footlights
gradually up. Music ceases.

K. Rich.

Give me another horse, bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Heaven!—soft, I did but dream.
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What, do I fear myself? There's none else by:
Is there a murderer here? No,—yes: I am;
Then fly,—
Lest I revenge. What? Myself upon myself?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
Oh, no; alas, I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul shall pity me;
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I myself

Find in myself no pity for myself.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury! perjury! in the highest degree,
 Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree:
 All several sins, all used in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all,—guilty! guilty!

[*Enter Ratcliff* R. I. E.]

Rat.

My lord!

K. Rich.

[*As Richard staggers forward, Ratcliff catches and supports him.*]

Who's there?

Rat.

My lord, 't is I. The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich.

Oh, Ratcliff, I have dreamed a fearful dream!—
 What thinkest thou—will all our friends prove true?

Rat.

No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich.

Ratcliff, I fear, I fear, ——

Rat.

Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich.

By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.

[*Trumpet.*]

[*Enter Norfolk, Catesby, and other lords* R. and L.]

Norfolk.

Arm! Arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field!

K. Rich.

Come! Bustle! Bustle! Caparison my horse;—

[*Exit a lord.*]

Call up Lord Stanley; bid him bring his power;

[*Exit a lord.*]

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain.

Go, gentlemen, each man unto his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls!

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,

Devised at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

Join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell,

[*Ratcliff gives sword.*]

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell!

[*Exeunt. Richard and Ratcliff into tent, the rest go R. and L.*]

Scene Third. { LANDSCAPE IN 3. RICHMOND'S TENT R.
3. E. DORSET, ELY AND RICHMOND'S
OFFICERS DISCOVERED.

[*Enter Richmond, from tent. All salute. Music pp. throughout.*]

Dorset.

Good morrow, Richmond!

Richmond.

Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Ely.

How have you slept, my lord?

Richmond.

The sweetest sleep, and fairest boding dreams
That ever entered in a drowsy head,
Have I since your departure had, my lord.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,
Came to my tent, and cried — On! Victory!
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Dorset.

Upon the stroke of four.

Richmond.

Why, then 't is time.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
My lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment.
Where is Lord Stanley quartered?

Ely.

Unless I have mista'en his colors much,
Which well I am assured I have not done,
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richmond.

If without peril it be possible,
Bear to him this most needful scroll.

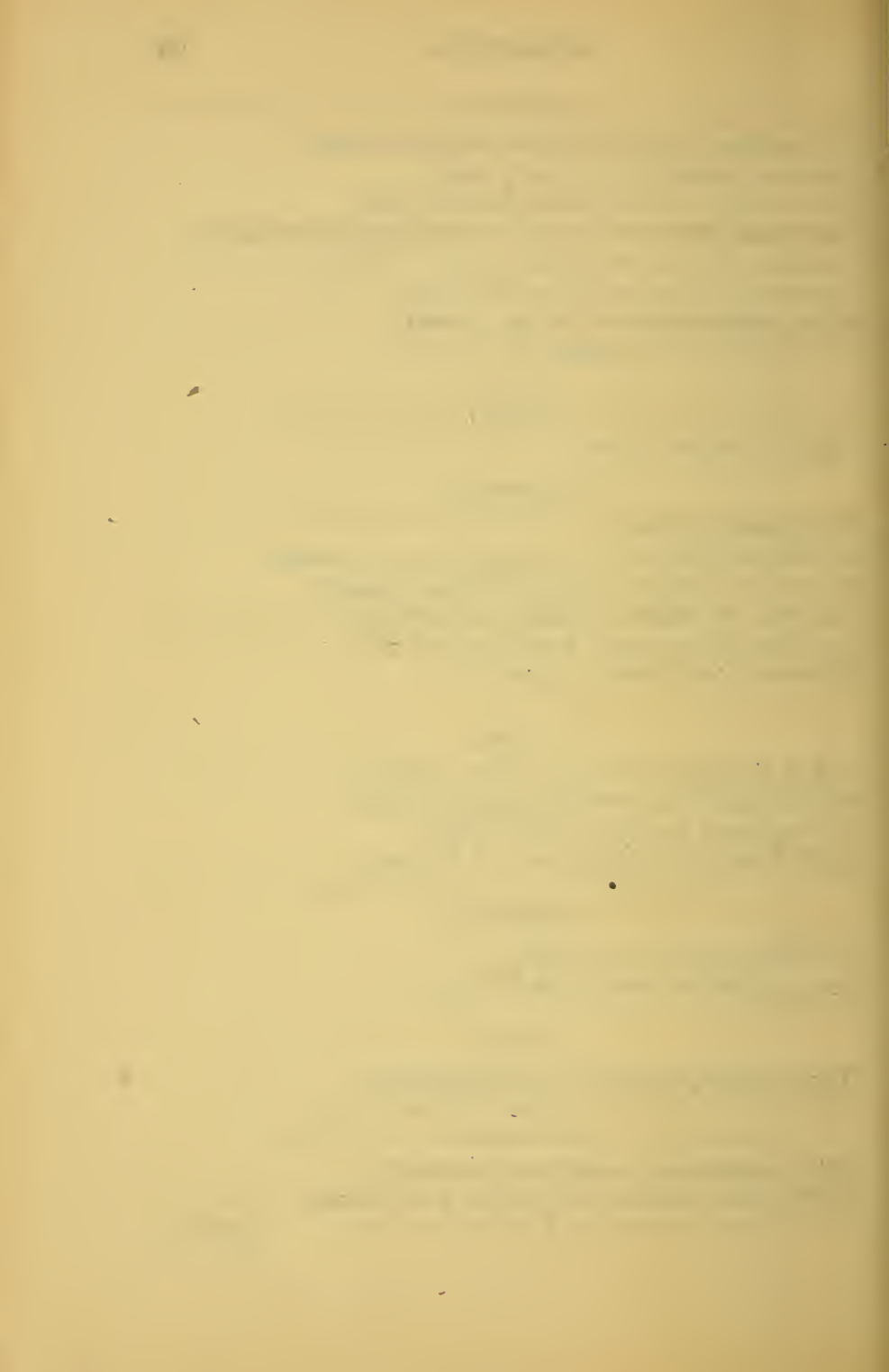
Ely.

Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.

Richmond.

Come, gentlemen, boldly and cheerfully,
God and St. George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]



Scene Fourth. { RICHARD AND HIS ARMY DISCOVERED.
NORFOLK, CATESBY, &c.

K. Rich.

What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond ?

Rat.

That he was never trained up in arms !

K. Rich.

He said the truth ; and what said Surrey then ?

Rat.

He smiled and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich.

He was i' the right ; and so indeed, it is.

[*Clock in the distance strikes four.*

Tell the clock there

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat.

Not I, my lord.

K. Rich.

Then he disdains to shine.

He should have braved the east an hour ago.

A black day will it be to somebody.

Ratcliff !

Rat.

My lord ?

K. Rich.

The sun will not be seen to-day ;

The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.

I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me,

More than to Richmond ? For the self-same heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Norfolk.

My lord, this found I on my tent this morning.

[*Giving a scroll.*

K. Rich.

[*Reads.*

*Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold!*

A thing devised by the enemy!

Come, gentlemen!

Remember whom you are to cope withal!

Rascals and run-aways! A scum of Bretagnes,

Whom their o'eremployed country vomits forth

To desperate ventures and assured destruction,

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the sea again;

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famished beggars!

If we be conquered, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Bretagnes!

[*Richmond's March* R. H. *pp.*

Hark! I hear their drum!

Fight, gentlemen of England! Fight, bold yeomen!

Archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood.

[*Enter Tyrrel* R. U. E.

K. Rich.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Tyrrel.

My lord, he doth deny to come!

K. Rich.

Off with his son George's head!

[*Richmond's march* louder.

Norfolk.

My lord, the enemy is passed the marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich.

A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Victory sits on our helms !
Upon them ! Charge !

[*Exeunt.*

Scene Fifth.

{ BOSWORTH BATTLE-FIELD. ALARUMS.
EXCURSIONS. BOTH ARMIES DIS-
COVERED, FIGHTING. NORFOLK AND
CATESBY COME TOGETHER FROM
THE CROWD, WHICH MOVES OFF, BUT
RETURNS AT RICHARD'S EXIT.

Catesby.

Rescue, my lord of Norfolk, rescue, rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger ;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

[*Exeunt Norfolk and Catesby.*

[*Enter King Richard and Catesby.*

K. Rich.

A horse ! A horse ! My kingdom for a horse !

Catesby.

Fly ! Fly ! My lord, I 'll help you to a horse !

K. Rich.

Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die !

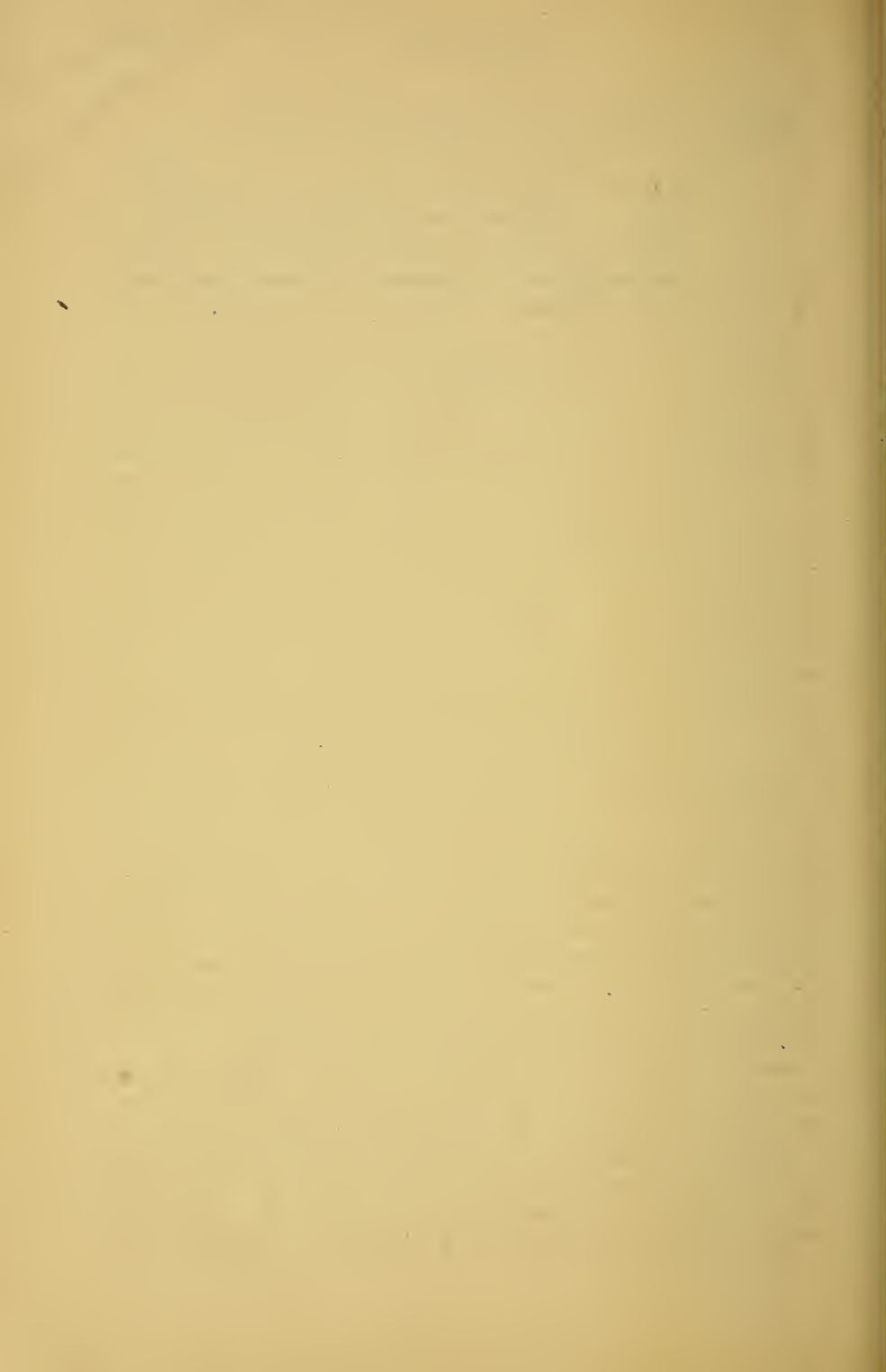
[*Exit Catesby.*

I think there be six Richmonds in the field,

Five have I slain to-day instead of him!
A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

[*Exit.*
Richard's and Richmond's forces enter, fighting.
Enter Richard and Richmond fighting,—
Richard is slain. Retreat and flourish. After
Richard falls, enter soldiers. Full Stage. Tri-
umphal music. Picture.

CURTAIN.



RICHARD III.

APPENDIX.

THE story of this tragedy is supposed to begin three months after the battle of Tewksbury,—fought on May 4th, 1471,—in which the House of York, crushingly and finally, defeated the House of Lancaster, and substantially ended the Wars of the Roses. It terminates with the battle of Bosworth Field, fought on August 22d, 1485. The period covered is, accordingly, fourteen years. Shakespeare, however, seems to have designed that the historical incidents which he has illustrated should be viewed in a compressed group, and that the action should be confined within brief limits, possibly within those of a single summer. It was in August, 1471, according to his own showing, that Gloster wooed and won the mournful Lady Anne. The murder of Clarence did not occur till 1478, and King Edward IV. did not die till April 9th, 1483. Yet Shakespeare has made these events closely sequent upon each other. Edward V. — with his uncle, Gloster, as Protector—reigned from April 9th to June 22d, 1483. Richard III. and Queen Anne were crowned in London, at Westminster Abbey, on June 26th of that year. Hastings, at the Tower, and Rivers, Grey and Vaughan, at Pomfret Castle, had already suffered death, by Richard's command, on June 13th. The Princes were then lodged in the Tower, and it is not credible that the usurper spared them long. These events were arranged to the poet's hand. But it was not till more than two years later that, in his defeat and violent death, the justice which Shakespeare so speedily brings in was dealt upon the hellish tyrant. Most of the difficulties in the way of a perfect unity, however, are overcome, when we assign all these occurrences to the last year of Richard's life. The great artist has, in fact, epitomized the experience of an epoch, and unfolded the motives and conduct of a whole lifetime, in a work of action which can be practically illustrated within three hours.

It is an admitted rule of dramatic art that ideal works should be interpreted according to the light which they themselves afford, and not by the light of the facts which may happen to stand behind them. "Richard III." is ideal as well as historical, and, accordingly, while suitable regard is paid to its element of fact, it ought to be viewed, not as history alone, but as history transfigured and made poetic. The principal historic facts, though, are interesting and illuminative, and

brief comment on the several persons of the tragedy may usefully reproduce those facts in this place.

Queen Elizabeth is the wife, afterwards the widow, of King Edward IV. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Woodville, or Wydevil. She was the daughter of Sir Richard Wydevil, and was first married to Sir John Grey, of Groby, a Lancastrian, who fell at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. She was considerably older than King Edward IV., and she had been nine years a widow when, in 1464, she became his wife. She was a woman of great beauty. After she became queen her kindred were invested with rank and titles. The Earl Rivers, of this tragedy, Anthony Woodville—one of the most learned and accomplished men of his time—was her brother; and Lord Grey and the Marquis of Dorset were her sons, by her first husband. She had, by King Edward IV., three children, Elizabeth, Edward and Richard. The sons are the princes whom Gloster caused to be murdered in the Tower. The daughter, Elizabeth, became, in 1486, the wife of Henry, Earl of Richmond, then King Henry VII.

The Duchess of York is the mother of Edward, Gloster and Clarence.

Queen Margaret is the widow of King Henry VI. She was a woman of great ability, and of a formidable, war-like character. She defeated in battle Gloster's father, the Duke of York, and caused his head, surmounted with a paper crown, to be affixed to York battlements. She was captured by King Edward IV. soon after the battle of Tewksbury, was held in captivity five years, and was then ransomed by King Louis XI. of France. She died in Anjou, in 1482. She is the Cassandra of this tragedy; and it may truly be said there is not in all literature a fiercer strain of invective than that which Shakespeare has put into the mouth of this queen.

Lady Anne is, first, the widow of Edward, Prince of Wales,—son of King Henry VI. and Queen Margaret,—who was murdered, after the battle of Tewksbury, by Gloster, Clarence, Hastings and Grey. She was the second daughter of Richard Neville, the great Earl of Warwick,—surnamed "the King-maker." She became the wife of Gloster, and she died in 1485. It was said that she died of grief at the death of her only child, a youth of 12 years, the son and heir of Richard III. It was also said that she was poisoned by her husband. Her grave is in Westminster Abbey, close by the gate of entrance to the chapel of Henry VII. The inscription on the stone that covers it has long since been worn away.

Henry VI. figures as a character in Cibber's version of "Richard III." the scene of his death being taken from the third part of Shake-

speare's [reputed] tragedy, which bears that monarch's name,—but not in the original. He was the predecessor of Edward IV. upon the English throne. He founded King's College, at Cambridge, and the famous Eton College, near Windsor. He seems to have been an exceptionally good and gentle person. He was, accordingly, deposed; and, subsequently, in 1471, he was murdered, in the Tower. This act of butchery is ascribed to Gloster, of whom King Edward so significantly remarks, "He 's sudden, if a thing comes in his head." The place of the murder, an oratory in the Tower of London, is still indicated, though with the accents of doubt.

Edward IV. came to the throne of England in 1461, at the age of 20. He was one of the handsomest, most luxurious, and most licentious kings of whom history preserves the record. He died in 1483, in the forty-second year of his age and the twenty-third of his reign. He was buried at Windsor, and near to his royal dust was laid the mangled body of the learned, gallant, and brilliant Lord Hastings.

Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who succeeded to Richard as King Henry VII., was, on the father's side, a descendant from Owen Tudor, and Queen Katharine, widow of Henry V.; and, on the mother's side, a descendant, by an illegitimate branch,—afterwards, however, legally declared legitimate,—from John of Gaunt, the fourth child of Edward III. His character was haughty, peremptory, austere and avaricious. He accumulated great wealth. He allowed the decapitation, for alleged treason, of Sir William Stanley, who had, probably, been the saviour of his life, when personally set upon by Richard at Bosworth Field. He disliked his wife, Elizabeth of York, and they led an unhappy life. He died of a consumption, in his palace at Richmond. His tomb is in his own beautiful chapel, in Westminster Abbey.

The best title to the English Crown, during the Wars of the Roses, undoubtedly inhered in the House of York. Henry IV., who deposed his cousin, Richard II., was a usurper; and it was he who thus caused the subsequent mischief. When Richard II., "hacked to death" or starved at Pomfret Castle, had ceased to live, the crown should have passed to the line of Clarence, the third child of Edward III., and not, as in fact it did, to the line of his fourth child, John of Gaunt. The cause of the Lancastrians, however, finally prevailed, in the success of the founder of the House of Tudor, and his marriage with the last heir of the House of York.

The badge of Lancaster was the red rose; the badge of York was the white rose. These emblems, intertwined, appear upon the cover of this book.

The House of Plantagenet — of which Edward IV., Clarence, Gloster, and the Princes, are members — sprang from the royal House of Anjou. The name of Plantagenet was bestowed on one of the ancestors of the line, either from the fact that he wore in his bonnet a sprig of the broom, *planta genista*, or from the fact that he had done penance by scourging his body with a whip made of that plant. The last of the Plantagenets were Edward, the son of the Duke of Clarence, beheaded in the reign of Henry VII., and his sister, the Countess of Salisbury, beheaded in the reign of Henry VIII.

It will be observed that the weather is summer all through this tragedy, and that most of the action proceeds by day. Tewksbury was fought in May. Henry VI. was murdered a few days later. It was August — though here assumed to be May — when Gloster wooed Lady Anne. King Edward died in April. Hastings, Rivers, Grey and Vaughan were beheaded in June. The princes must have been killed in July. Buckingham perished — on the block, at Salisbury — in August. And it was in August that Richard fought his last battle.

It is supposed that these incidents are so arranged that the story begins in April and ends in August, 1485. The ages of most of the characters in the tragedy can be nearly ascertained. Richard is 33; Richmond, 28; King Edward IV., 41; Clarence, 29; Rivers, 41; the Bishop of Ely, 75; Prince Edward, 12; Prince Richard, 10; Queen Elizabeth, 48; Queen Margaret, 59; the Duchess of York, about 60; and Lady Anne about 23.

The principal historical authority that was followed by Shakespeare, in his treatment of this subject, seems to have been Sir Thomas More's "Tragical History of Richard III.," otherwise called "The History of the Pitiful Life and Unfortunate Death of King Edward V." More is supposed to have obtained much information of Richard's proceedings from John Morton, the Bishop of Ely. This prelate deserted the fortunes of Richard, fled to Richmond, in France, and, in the reign of Henry VII. was made Archbishop of Canterbury; and it is recorded of him that he lived to the great age of 90 years, dying in 1500. He was possessed of great influence, alike in politics and religion; he had intimately known Richard, and he was much esteemed by Henry. Sir Thomas More had his friendship. The arrest and slaughter of Hastings, Buckingham's appeal to the people, — for their recognition of Gloster as king, — and the Lord Mayor's interview with Richard, are particularly described in More's narrative; and this chronicle also minutely recounts the details of the murder of the young Princes, done in the Tower, by Miles Forest and John Dighton, — thereto incited by Sir

James Tyrrel, the willing instrument of King Richard's infernal purpose.

The following passage from Sir Thomas More's "Life of Richard" conveys instructive suggestions to the student of the tyrant's character :

"I have heard, by credible report of such as were secret with his chamberers, that after this abominable deed [the murder of the Princes, his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind ; he never thought himself sure. When he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his body privily fenced, his hand ever on his dagger, his countenance and manner like one always ready to strike again. He took ill rest at night ; lay long waking and musing ; sore wearied with care and watch, he rather slumbered than slept. Troubled with fearful dreams, suddenly sometimes started he up, leaped out of his bed, and ran about the chamber. So was his restless heart continually tossed and tumbled, with the tedious impression and strong remembrance of his most abominable deed."

In the chapel of Henry VII., in Westminster Abbey, stands a little altar, which was raised by Charles II. to commemorate the murdered princes. The inscription upon it, in Latin, is to the following effect :

"Here lie the remains of Edward V., King of England, and Richard, Duke of York, who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard, the usurper. Their bones, long inquired after and wished for, after laying 191 years in the rubbish of the stairs, were, on the 17th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered, being buried deep in that place. Charles II., pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate princes to be laid among the relics of their ancestors, in the year 1678, and the thirtieth of his reign."

The place where these bones were found is a recess under the winding stairs that lead up to St. John's Chapel, in the White Tower. The murderers of the princes were never punished for their crime. They confessed it ; but they had obeyed their king's command, and it was the doctrine of Henry VII. that the king's command ought always to be implicitly obeyed and never questioned. The fate of Dighton and Forest is not recorded, but Tyrrel, it is a comfort to know, was beheaded, for treason, by the order of Henry VII., in 1506.

The last moments of King Richard are finely described by Hume :

"The intrepid tyrant, sensible of his desperate situation, cast his eye around the field, and descrying his rival at no great distance, he drove against him with fury, in hopes that either Henry's death or his own would decide the victory between them. He killed with his own hand Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer to the Earl ; he dismounted Sir

John Cheyney; he was now within reach of Richmond himself, who declined not the combat, when Sir William Stanley, breaking in with his troops, surrounded Richard, who, fighting bravely to the last moment, was overwhelmed by numbers, and perished by a fate too mild and honorable for his multiplied and detestable enormities. . . . The body of Richard was found on the field, covered with dead enemies, and all besmeared with blood. It was thrown carelessly across a horse; was carried to Leicester, amidst the shouts of the insulting spectators, and was interrèd in the Grey Friar's church of that place."

The Duke of Norfolk, Sir Richard Ratcliff, and Sir Robert Brackenbury were amongst the slain at Bosworth Field. Sir William Catesby [he was a lawyer, and a ruthless villain] was captured by Richmond at this battle, and shortly afterwards was beheaded at Leicester.

The tragedy of "Richard III." was first published in 1597, in the thirty-fourth year of Shakespeare's age. He, probably, wrote it at Southwark—where he lived, in the full view of the Tower of London, Baynard's Castle, and other of the famous buildings and places that are implicated in its terrible story. It was four times printed, in quarto, before its appearance in the folio of 1623. The text is thought to have been rather more mangled by editors than that of any other of the 37 plays that live in Shakespeare's name. In all existing editions it is, more or less, a mixture of the quarto and folio readings. In this version the folio of 1623 has mainly been followed; though some readings have been adopted from the Cambridge edition, edited by Clark and Wright.

It is neither customary nor desirable, upon the stage, to aim at literal accuracy in dress and appointments. We cannot—as Thackeray has hinted—have Caractacus painted blue, like an ancient Briton, or Boadicea with nothing on but a cow-skin. A general and tolerably close conformance with the customs of the time to be illustrated is sufficient; and this will usually satisfy all critical taste—except such as likes to glorify itself on the discovery of a defective shoe-string. If dresses absolutely correct, in every particular, were to be used in presenting the tragedy of "Richard III.," the result would in some respects be ludicrous. Important usages of the time, however, are to be remembered and observed.

The colors of the House of York were dark red and blue. Those of the House of Lancaster were blue and white. Those of the House of Tudor were white and green. The use of purple cloth of gold and of purple silk was, in 1482, restricted, by law, to the Royal Family. No person less in degree than a Duke could wear cloth of gold of tissue; but noblemen of lower rank were allowed plain cloth of gold. Knights could wear velvet, and Squires could wear satin. The last state dress worn by

Edward IV. was one that had very full, hanging sleeves, lined with rich furs; and this robe, says an old writer, was "so rolled over his shoulders as to give his tall person an air of peculiar grandeur." In Edward's reign short gowns were worn — over closely fitting body suits — with slits through which came the arms, while the outer sleeves hung, as empty ornaments, from the shoulders. Short-waisted jackets, thickly padded out at the shoulders, were much in use. The boots and shoes were fashioned with long and pointed toes; but, later, the toes were made broad and round. The men wore cloth caps, adorned with gems and feathers. The gowns of the women had long trains, embellished with broad velvet borders. The waists, in Edward's time, were very short; but in Richard's time they were made longer. Broad belts were worn, with buckles in front. The sleeves were long and tight. The steeple head-dress [Norman] was fashionable; but it gave way to a cap of gold embroidery, covered with a transparent veil, that was stiffened in somewhat the form of wings. The common people wore plain tunics, reaching nearly to the knees. The Mayor's robes were scarlet. Long hair was the fashion, but it was cut straight across the forehead — clubbed — or, as the phrase now goes, "banged." Ribbed or plated armor was used in war.

It was the opinion of Polonius that "the apparel oft proclaims the man." It certainly very often does furnish what may be called side-lights upon his character. The taste of Gloster, in this respect, was such as warrants the representative of him in the use of the most luxurious personal adornment. Planché — one of the highest authorities that could be quoted upon this subject — gives a significant view of the man in this aspect of his complex and singular nature:

"Richard's wardrobe was, at all times, magnificently furnished — he and the Duke of Buckingham being notorious for their love of dress and finery. A mandate still exists, amongst the Harleian MSS., sent from York, by Richard, to the keeper of his wardrobe in London, — August 31, 1483, — wherein he specifies the costly habits, in which he was desirous of exhibiting himself to his Northern subjects, with a descriptive detail which, as Mr. Sharon Turner justly remarks, we should rather look for from the fop that annoyed Hotspur than from the stern and war-like Richard."

There are authentic portraits of Richard III. One depicts him as attired in a close suit of scarlet, over which hangs a robe of cloth of gold, and on his head is a black cap adorned with a pearl. Another presents him in a black cap, a body suit of cloth of gold, and a black robe, with black and red sleeves. He was below the ordinary height, but muscular

and very strong. His frame was thin and compact. One of his shoulders was slightly higher than the other. His neck was short; and his head habitually drooped forward. His face was short, his complexion pale olive, and his hair dark brown; his eyes were dark and very fine; his cheeks sunken, and his features regular and aquiline. His forehead was massive and majestic; and his voice was remarkably sweet. He had a habit of playing with the handle of his dagger, and of sliding a ring on and off one of his fingers.

The character of Gloster is that of the worst of human monsters—a wicked man of genius. The ugliness of his soul is symbolized by the ugliness of his body. Bitter, fiery, arrogant, cruel, crafty, impelled by a devilish energy which never halts nor flags, he is determined to rule a world which he despises and contemns, and by which he is feared and hated. His intellect is towering and royal. He looks down upon human passions, and makes them his playthings. He uses all men, and he trusts no one. He is alone, and he walks alone in his blood-stained, haunted pathway to imperial power. He knows himself, and he is never fooled. His hypocrisy deceives others; it never deceives him. He can take on all moods at will, and can secretly exult over the duplicity of each. He is the wit, the courtier, the lover, the man of the world, the frank, affable companion, the rough, plain-spoken, honest creature, the soldier, the statesman, and the king. Within the black silence of his own soul, his infernal genius sits and broods, like a scoffing demon. Something of all this he, no doubt, was in life; but Shakespeare has made him all of this in the consummate ideal of poetry. He can counterfeit piety with the ministers of God; he can sneer at a mother's blessing; and, with heaven-defying blasphemy, can scoff at himself as "the Lord's anointed." But he is human, and bears a conscience, and through that the ever-watchful Nemesis strikes him at last. During the earlier and larger part of his career,—although the subtle interpreter of him will indicate that his remorse and his miserable sufferings are almost coincident with his crimes, and are all the while slowly gathering way,—not Niagara itself is more steadfast in its course than is the current of his tremendous and hellish will. But, when his crimes and his remorse are at their worst, a mother's curse smites him, through crown, and mail, and royal robes, and from that moment his genius begins to wither. His awful deeds rush back upon him. The grave gives up its dead to haunt him. Fear—a new phantom, more hideous than the rest—appals his soul; and he leaps, in fiend-like fury and viper-like malignity, to a desperate and bloody death.

W. W.

NEW-YORK, Dec. 25th, 1877.

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